

THE COMIC MAGAZINE THAT DARED TO BE DIFFERENT!

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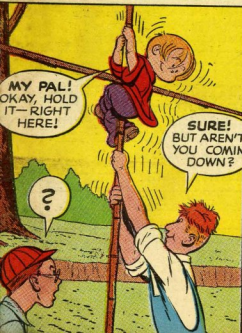
DAREDEVIL

10¢ *The Greatest* in Comics



2 COMPLETE DAREDEVIL stories

LEV GLEASON, PUB., CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS





WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM

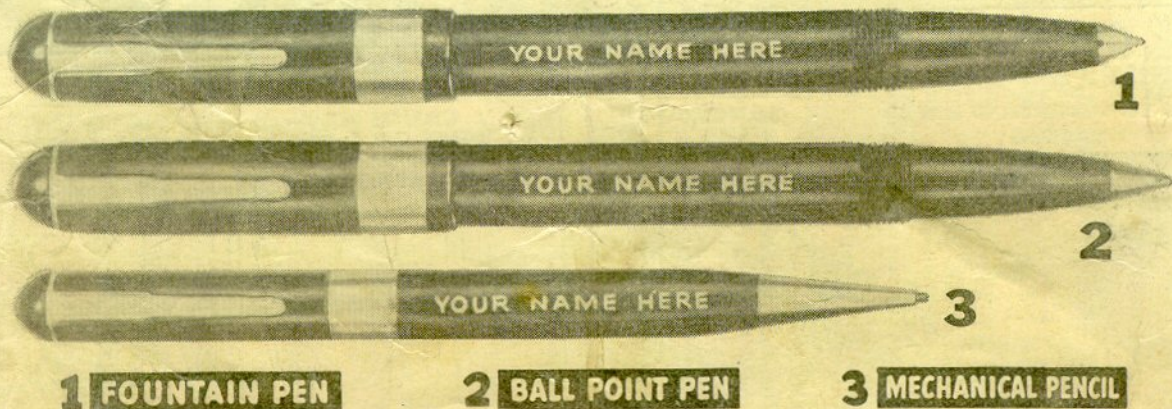
The Most Amazing Factory-To-You Introductory Offer Ever Made to the readers of this magazine!



Not One... Not Two... But **ALL 3**
Yes, This Perfectly Matched 3 PIECE POCKET SET

New automatic machinery inventions and manufacturing methods now turn out GORGEIOUS fountain pens, ball pens and mechanical pencils with mass production economies unheard of 2 months ago! These tremendous savings passed on factory-to-you. Even when you SEE and USE, you won't believe such beauty, such expert workmanship, such instant and dependable writing service possible at this ridiculous price! Competition says we're raving mad. Decide for yourself at our risk.

WITH YOUR NAME ENGRAVED ON ALL THREE WRITING INSTRUMENTS IN GOLD LETTERS . . . **\$169** Factory To You



1 FOUNTAIN PEN
Fashionable gold plate HOODED POINT writes velvet smooth as hold or fine as you prefer . . . can't leak feed guarantees steady ink flow . . . always moist point writes instantly . . . no clogging . . . lever filler fills pens to top without pumping . . . deep pocket clip safeguards against loss.

2 BALL POINT PEN
Has identical ball point found on \$15 pens . . . NO DIFFERENCE! Rolls new 1948 indelible dark blue ball pen ink dry as you write. Makes 10 carbon copies. Writes under water or high in planes. Can't leak or smudge. Ink supply will last up to 1 year depending on how much you write. Refills at any drug store. Deep pocket clip.

3 MECHANICAL PENCIL
Grips standard lead and just a twist propels, repels, expels. Shaped to match fountain pen and ball pen and feels good in your hand. Unscrews in middle for extra lead reservoir and eraser. Mechanically perfect and should last a lifetime!

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100% FULL YEAR'S GUARANTEE ➤
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SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON ➤

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ENGRAVE THIS NAME ON ALL 3 PIECES:

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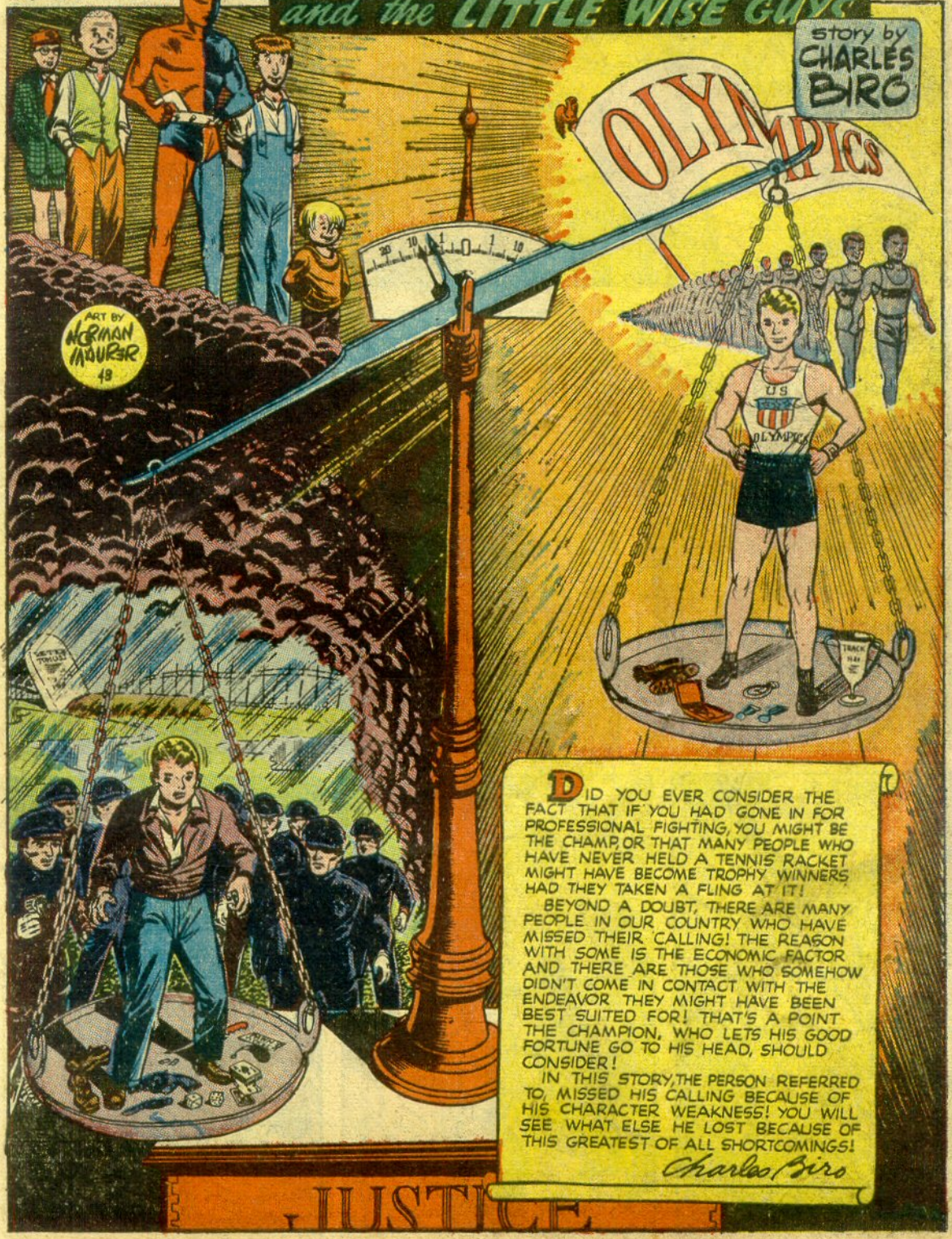
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DAREDEVIL

and the LITTLE WISE GUYS

story by
CHARLES BIRG

ART BY
NORMAN
MAURER
49



DID YOU EVER CONSIDER THE FACT THAT IF YOU HAD GONE IN FOR PROFESSIONAL FIGHTING, YOU MIGHT BE THE CHAMP OR THAT MANY PEOPLE WHO HAVE NEVER HELD A TENNIS RACKET MIGHT HAVE BECOME TROPHY WINNERS HAD THEY TAKEN A FLING AT IT!

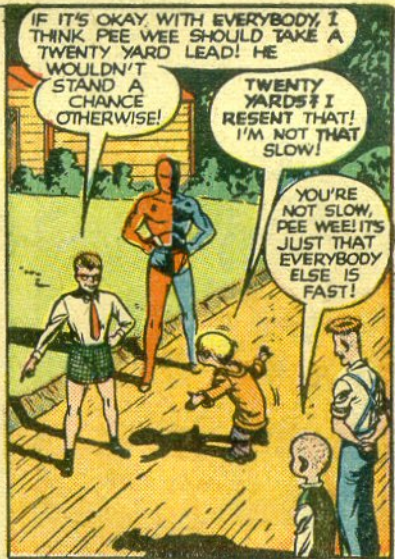
BEYOND A DOUBT, THERE ARE MANY PEOPLE IN OUR COUNTRY WHO HAVE MISSED THEIR CALLING! THE REASON WITH SOME IS THE ECONOMIC FACTOR AND THERE ARE THOSE WHO SOMEHOW DIDN'T COME IN CONTACT WITH THE ENDEAVOR THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN BEST SUITED FOR! THAT'S A POINT THE CHAMPION, WHO LETS HIS GOOD FORTUNE GO TO HIS HEAD, SHOULD CONSIDER!

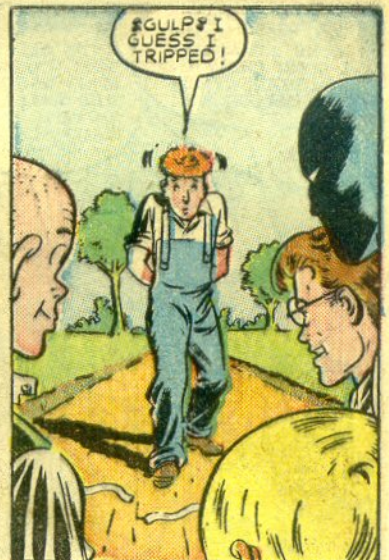
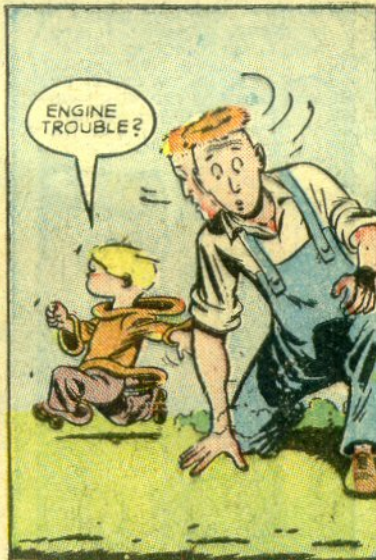
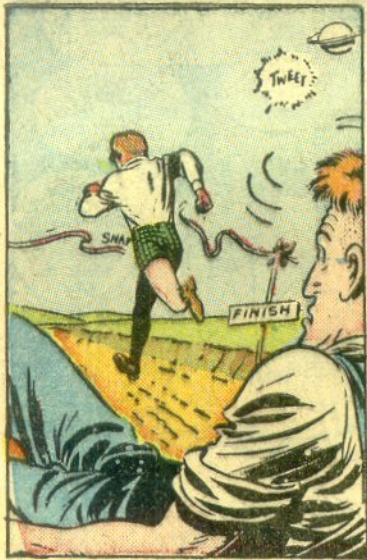
IN THIS STORY, THE PERSON REFERRED TO, MISSED HIS CALLING BECAUSE OF HIS CHARACTER WEAKNESS! YOU WILL SEE WHAT ELSE HE LOST BECAUSE OF THIS GREATEST OF ALL SHORTCOMINGS!

Charles Birg

JUSTICE







I GUESS YOU'VE LEARNED YOUR OWN LESSON, SCARECROW! AESOP'S STORY OF THE TORTOISE AND THE HARE ILLUSTRATED THE SAME POINT! OVERCONFIDENCE IS A DANGEROUS THING!



NOW TELL ME, BOYS, WHY ALL THIS SUDDEN ENTHUSIASM FOR TRACK?



AW, YOU KNOW HOW IT IS, D.D! WHAT WITH THE OLYMPICS THIS SUMMER!

SURE, THAT'S WHY!

JUMPIN' CATFISH, SCARECROW! IS THAT WHY YOU NEEDED ALL OF US INTO TRACK PRACTICE? YOU MUST THINK YOU'RE OLYMPIC MATERIAL!



DID I SAY THAT? AN' ANYWAY, A FELLER CAN DREAM, CAN'T HE, CURLY?

OF COURSE HE CAN DREAM, SCARECROW! AND THERE'S NO REASON WHY THAT DREAM MIGHT NOT COME TRUE!



AW, QUIT KIDDING HIM, D.D! YOU DON'T REALLY THINK GUYS LIKE US MIGHT GET TO BE ON THE OLYMPIC TEAM!

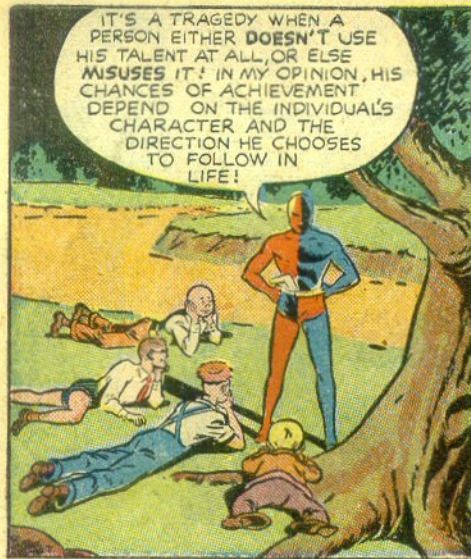
SHUT UP, CURLY, LET D.D. TALK! TELL US WHY, D.D.!

THIS IS A KNOWN FACT, CURLY! RIGHT THIS MINUTE THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF PERSONS IN THE WORLD WHO MIGHT BE OLYMPIC MATERIAL BUT ARE UNAWARE OF IT!



THEY HAVE THE LATENT ABILITY, BUT FOR ONE REASON OR ANOTHER THEY HAVE NEVER UTILIZED THAT POWER! THAT'S WHY I SAY THAT IT'S FINE THAT SCARECROW HAS THE DESIRE TO TEST HIS ABILITY! HOW ELSE WOULD HE EVER KNOW THAT HE WASN'T SUITED FOR IT?





IT'S A TRAGEDY WHEN A PERSON EITHER **DOESN'T** USE HIS TALENT AT ALL, OR ELSE **MISUSES** IT! IN MY OPINION, HIS CHANCES OF ACHIEVEMENT DEPEND ON THE INDIVIDUAL'S CHARACTER AND THE DIRECTION HE CHOOSES TO FOLLOW IN LIFE!



IT WOULD BE INTERESTING TO DEMONSTRATE WHAT I MEAN BY TAKING AN IMAGINARY BOY AND TELLING TWO STORIES ABOUT HIM - ONE WHERE HE **MISDIRECTS** HIS ABILITY AND THE OTHER, WHERE HE USES IT TO EVERYONE'S BEST ADVANTAGE!



OH-OH- SOUNDS LIKE THE MAKINGS OF A SWELL STORY TO ME!

YOU SAID IT JOCK! HOW ABOUT SPINNING US THE YARN, B.B. PLEASE?



OKAY, WISE GUYS, JUST GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES TO THINK UP THE DETAILS! SINCE IT'S STRICTLY FICTION I'LL NEED A LITTLE TIME TO PLAN IT!



I THINK I'VE GOT IT NOW! OUR LEAD CHARACTER IS PETEY DAVIS! I'LL USE THE SAME IMAGINARY BOY IN EACH YARN! THE FIRST STORY IS ABOUT PETEY NUMBER ONE!



OUR STORY STARTS OUTSIDE PETEY'S MODEST APARTMENT -

HEY THERE, PETEY, IS YOUR MOTHER HOME? NO USE WALKIN' FOUR FLIGHTS WITH THE LAUNDRY IF SHE ISN'T IN!

YEAH! SHE'S IN!



LAUNDRY, MRS. DAVIS! IT'S SIX DOLLARS AND THIRTY CENTS! I'D LIKE TO HAVE IT!

COME IN WHILE I GET THE MONEY!



NOW THAT'S FUNNY! I COULD HAVE SWORN I HAD SIX DOLLARS, AND NINETY CENTS IN MY POCKETBOOK! IT WAS THE CHANGE FROM THAT TEN DOLLAR BILL I SHOPPED WITH AT THE SUPER MARKET!



GOSH, I'M AWFULLY SORRY! I THOUGHT I HAD THE MONEY TO PAY YOU, BUT I SEE I TO HAVE MISLAID IT! I'LL PAY YOU THE NEXT TIME!

I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO LEAVE IT UNLESS I GET PAID - BUT, OKAY - I'LL DO IT THIS ONCE!



THE GROCERY BILL WAS THREE-TEN - THAT LEFT EXACTLY SIX-NINETY AND I'M SURE I DIDN'T TAKE IT OUT OF MY PURSE WHEN I CAME HOME! WHERE COULD IT BE?



PETEY! HE CAME INTO THE BEDROOM WHILE I WAS IN THE KITCHEN! HE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO COULD HAVE TAKEN IT! IF HE NEEDED MONEY, WHY DIDN'T HE ASK ME FOR IT? IF I TOLD HIS FATHER, HE'D THROW HIM OUT!



C'MON THERE, BONES. DON'T LET ME DOWN... IT'S AN EIGHTER FROM DECATUR... THAT I'M WANTING...

RATTLE
RATTLE



CRAP! THAT CLEANS ME! I'M FLAT AS A PANCAKE!

TOUGH LUCK PETEY! LOOKS LIKE JOE HAD ALL THE LUCK TODAY!



HOW MUCH DID YOU LOSE, PETEY?

SIX-NINETY! EVERY CENT I HAD STUPE!



SIX-NINETY! WOW! YOU REALLY DID DROP A BUNDLE! WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THAT DOUGH?

THAT'S MY BUSINESS! I HAVE WAYS OF GETTIN' MONEY WHEN I NEED IT!



YEAH? WELL THEN LET'S SEE YOU GET SOME MORE! YOU NEED IT, DONTCHA?

AND WHO DOESN'T? I THINK I KNOW HOW I CAN GET IT TOO!



LOOKIT, STUPE, YOU RUN ALONG NOW LIKE A NICE GUY! I GOT A LITTLE PERSONAL BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!

AW! YOU'RE ALWAYS TELLIN' ME TO BEAT IT! A FINE PAL YOU ARE! OKAY! I'LL GO!



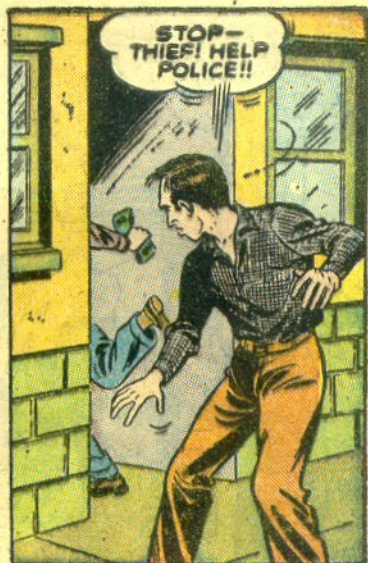
THERE GOES JOE NOW-AN' COUNTIN' THE DOUGH HE WON- LOOK AT HIM GLOATIN' OVER IT! THE SNEAKIN' WEASEL!



IT'LL BE LIKE TAKING CANDY FROM A BABY IF I TIME IT RIGHT!



HEY!



STOP - THIEF! HELP POLICE!!



WHEW-WHOEVER SNATCHED THAT DOUGH SURE CAN RUN! I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO CATCH HIM! OH, WELL, EASY COME, EASY GO- IF ONLY I COULD'VE GOTTEN A LOOK AT THE RAT'S MUG!



I SHOOK HIM OFF A MILE BACK, AN' HE NEVER GOT A CHANCE TO SEE ME! LET'S SEE WHAT I GOT- NINETEEN BUCKS! OH, BOY!



SO YOU FINALLY GOT HOME! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! WHERE'S THE \$6.90 YOU STOLE FROM MY PURSE? FORK IT OVER!

WHY, MA! ME STEAL MONEY FROM YOUR PURSE? DON'T BE DUMB!



DON'T GIVE ME THAT DUMB ACT- IT WON'T FOOL ME! I KNOW YOU TOOK IT! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT?

NOTHIN'! I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T STEAL IT! I JUST BORROWED IT- BUT SINCE YOU'RE RAISIN' SUCH A SMELL ABOUT IT...



HERE - HERE'S SEVEN BUCKS, TEN CENTS INTEREST ON THE LOAN! NOW, WILL YOU SKIP IT?

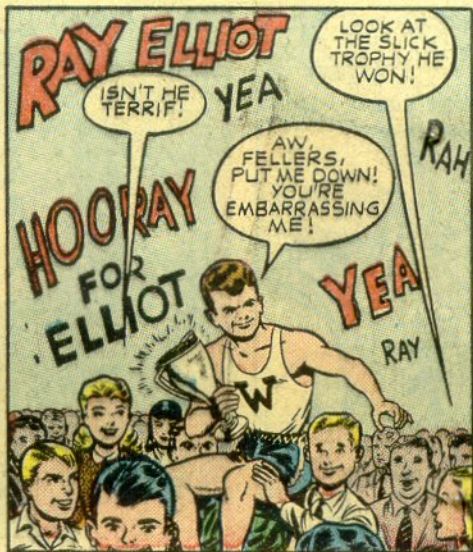
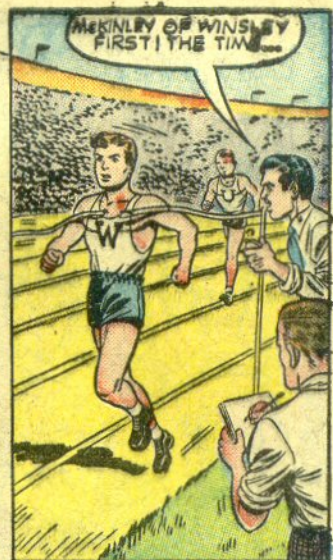
I KNEW IT WAS YOU! PETEY- ALL THAT MONEY- WHERE'D YOU GET IT? TELL ME WHERE!

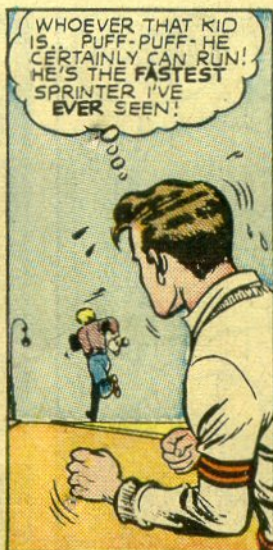


IF YOU WANNA KNOW THE TRUTH, IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! I EARNED IT BY WORKIN'! NOW I'M HUNGRY- HOW ABOUT DINNER?

YOU'LL WAIT TILL YOUR FATHER COMES HOME AND MEANWHILE, YOU'LL ANSWER MY QUESTION!









BUT WHAT ABOUT ELLIOT? HE'S GONNA WANT THAT TROPHY BACK! YOU BETTER NOT SHOW YOUR FACE AROUND SCHOOL!

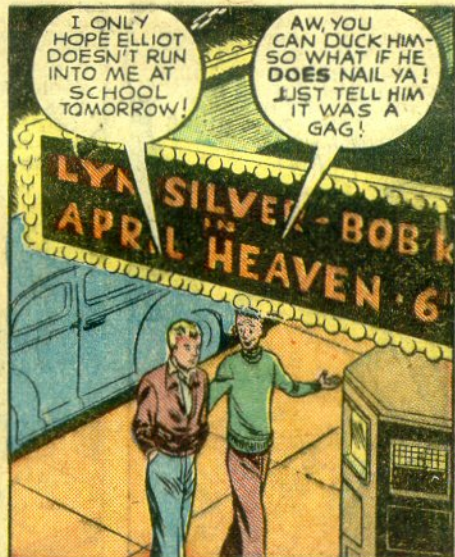
THAT'S ALL UNDER CONTROL! WITH THE MONEY FROM THE PAWN SHOP I WENT BACK TO THE CRAP GAME AN' WON TWELVE BUCKS!



WE'LL REDEEM HIS LOUSY TROPHY FIRST, AND THEN...DARN! DANG-BLAST IT, THE PLACE IS CLOSED!

PAWN

SO WHAT! YOU CAN DO IT TOMORROW AFTER SCHOOL!

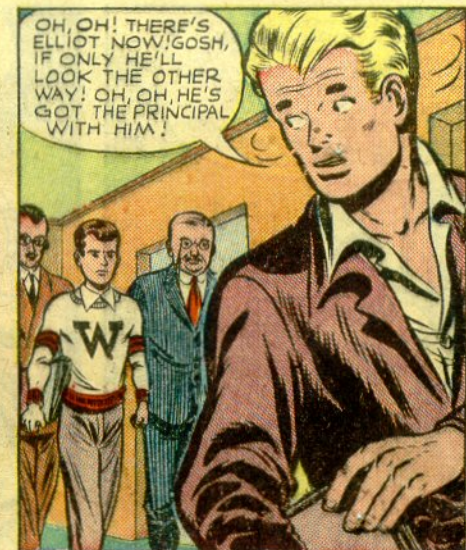


I ONLY HOPE ELLIOT DOESN'T RUN INTO ME AT SCHOOL TOMORROW!

AW, YOU CAN DUCK HIM - SO WHAT IF HE DOES NAIL YA! JUST TELL HIM IT WAS A GAG!



NEARLY LUNCH HOUR! I'LL SCOOT DOWN TO THAT PAWN SHOP THE MINUTE CLASS IS OUT! IT'S A LUCKY THING ELLIOT DOESN'T KNOW ME BY NAME!



OH, OH! THERE'S ELLIOT NOW! GOSH, IF ONLY HE'LL LOOK THE OTHER WAY! OH, OH, HE'S GOT THE PRINCIPAL WITH HIM!



THERE HE IS NOW! HE'S THE BOY WHO TOOK MY TROPHY!



SO IT'S YOU, PETE DAVIS! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! COME ALONG TO MY OFFICE!

WHAT FOR? WHAT DID I DO?



NO NONSENSE, NOW! YOU STOLE ELLIOT'S TROPHY - WHERE IS IT?

I PROBABLY PAWNED IT, MR. DAWSON!

IT WAS JUST A GAG! I WAS GONNA KID SOME GUYS AROUND THE BLOCK!



FOURTEEN DOLLARS AND SIX CENTS...THESE DICE...A JACK-KNIFE...BUT NO PAWN TICKET!

JUST A MINUTE! WHAT ARE YOU HOLDING IN YOUR LEFT HAND, PETE? OPEN IT UP!



OKAY, OKAY, SO I DID PAWN HIS LOUSY OLD CUP- BUT I WAS GOIN' TO REDEEM IT AND RETURN IT TO HIM AT LUNCH HOUR! I EVEN TRIED TO GET IT BACK LAST NIGHT! ASK STUPE MORTON, HE WAS WITH ME!



LOOK UP STEWART MORTON AND HAVE HIM BROUGHT HERE! IN THE MEANTIME, GIVE ELLIOT THE TICKET AND FIVE DOLLARS OF THIS MONEY SO HE CAN GET HIS TROPHY BACK!



STEWART MORTON ISN'T IN SCHOOL TODAY MR. DAWSON!

OH, HE ISN'T.. THAT'S THE TWENTY-FIFTH CUT HE'S TAKEN THIS TERM!



I THINK AN EXAMPLE SHOULD BE MADE OF YOU! YOU'RE BOTH ABOVE SCHOOL AGE, SO I'M SIGNING YOUR EXPULSION PAPERS AT ONCE! WHETHER YOU GO TO JAIL OR NOT DEPENDS ON WHETHER ELLIOT WISHES TO PREFER CHARGES AGAINST YOU.. NOW GET OUT!



HEY PETEY! HOLD UP A SECOND! GOSH, THAT'S TOUGH! I'M SORRY I GOT YOU INTO ALL THIS TROUBLE! ALL I WANTED WAS TO GET MY TROPHY BACK, I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO BE EXPELLED! MAYBE IF I EXPLAINED TO MR. DAWSON!



SHUDDUP YOU FANCY PANTS! I DON'T NEED YOUR HELP OR SYMPATHY!



HIYA, PETEY! WHY SO GLUM?

AW, MORE TROUBLE! I JUST GOT EXPELLED BECAUSE OF THAT TROPHY BUSINESS! AND.. YOU GOT EXPELLED, TOO, FOR TRUANCY!



GOOD! I'VE BEEN FED UP WITH SCHOOL ANYHOW! WE CAN HAVE MORE FUN BEIN' ON THE LOOSE ALL DAY!

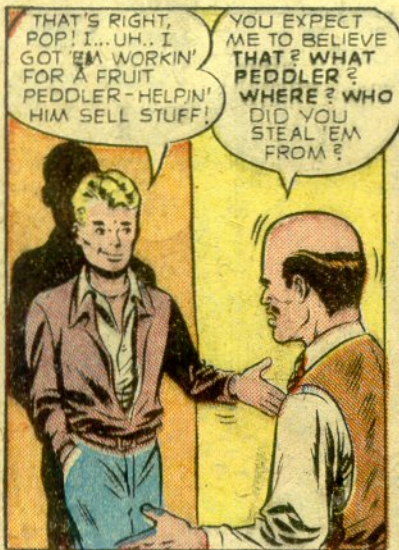
YEAH.. IF WE HAVE DOUGH TO SPEND!

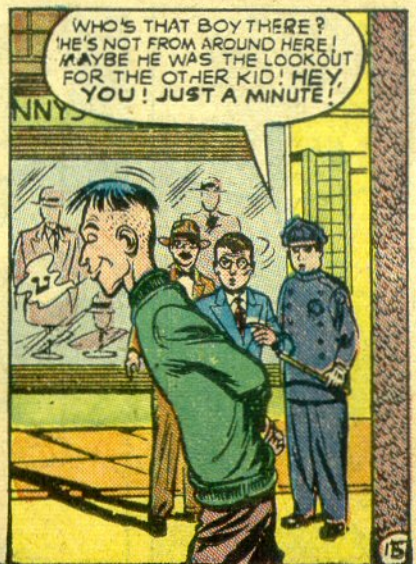
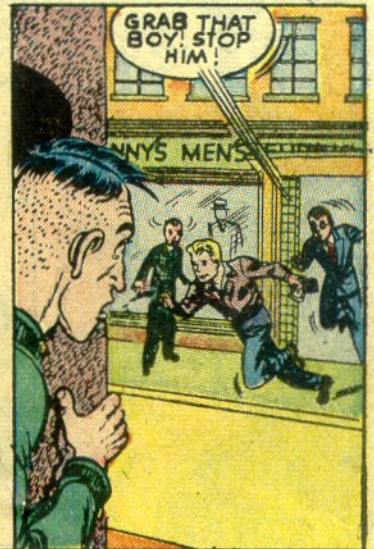
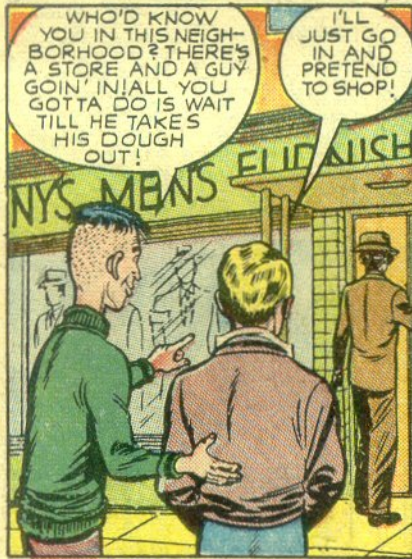


GEE, YA KNOW, PETEY, I STILL CAN'T GET OVER HOW FAST YOU CAN RUN! I'VE NEVER SEEN A GUY WITH SPEED LIKE YOURS!

YEAH? SO WHAT DOES IT GET ME?









WHAT'S THE MATTER- ARE YOU DEAF? WHY DO YOU LOOK SO SCARED? I JUST WANT TO ASK YOU SOME QUESTIONS!



LET ME GO! I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'! YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TO GRAB ME!

OH, NO? WHO WAS THAT OTHER BOY? THE ONE THAT STOLE THE WALLET? WHAT'S HIS NAME? AND WHERE DOES HE LIVE?



I DUNNO! I SWEAR I DON'T! I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE! IT JUST HAPPENED TO BE PASSIN' BY! WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HE'S LYING, OFFICER! I'M SURE I SAW THIS BOY AND THE OTHER ONE TALKING TOGETHER ACROSS THE STREET FROM MY STORE ABOUT FIVE MINUTES BEFORE HE CAME IN!



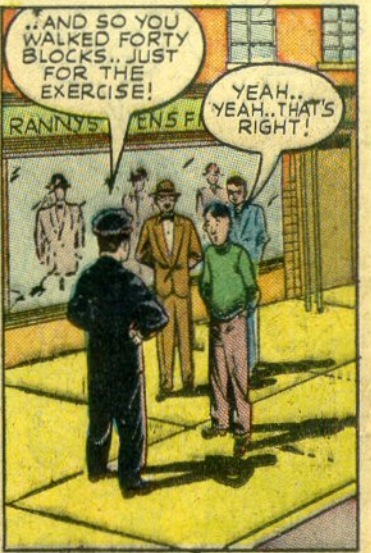
WHAT'S YOUR NAME AND WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

STEWART MORTON.. 729 EAST 60TH STREET!



EAST 60TH STREET? WHAT ARE YOU DOING WAY DOWNTOWN, IF THAT'S YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD?

MY MOTHER ASKED ME TO DELIVER SOME- THING AN' I JUST FELT LIKE WALKIN'! WHAT'S WRONG WITH THAT?



..AND SO YOU WALKED FORTY BLOCKS.. JUST FOR THE EXERCISE!

YEAH.. YEAH.. THAT'S RIGHT!



YOU'RE A LIAR AND WE'RE GOING TO PROVE IT! C'MON, JOHNSON, WE'LL TAKE THIS SMART ALECK UPTOWN AND FIND OUT IF HIS MOTHER DID SEND HIM DOWN HERE!



LOOK! PLEASE DON'T BOTHER MY MOM ABOUT THIS! IF SHE TELLS MY OLD MAN ABOUT COPS BRINGING ME HOME, I'LL GET THE BEATIN' OF MY LIFE! PLEASE LET ME GO! I DIDN'T DO ANYTHIN'! DON'T LET HER SEE ME IN THIS SQUAD CAR!



EITHER YOU SPILL WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE KID WHO SNATCHED THAT WALLET, OR WE TALK IT OVER WITH YOUR PARENTS! THEY'LL PROBABLY KNOW WHO YOUR PALS ARE, ANYWAY!

WHY BARGAIN WITH THE LITTLE PUNK? I SAY TAKE HIM TO THE STATION AND BRING HIS MOTHER DOWN!





ONLY INSTEAD OF RED-HANDED, IT'S BLACK-HANDED, EH, PETEY? YOU WOULDN'T HAVE BURIED IT IN THE COAL BY ANY CHANCE?

NO-NO, I...



STOP WIGGLING, BOY!... AHH - HERE WE ARE! YOU'RE NOT VERY CLEVER, PETEY - IF YOU HAD ANY SENSE, YOU'D HAVE KNOWN YOU COULDN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!



NOW WE'LL TAKE A RIDE IN THE SQUAD CAR TO THE STATION HOUSE! AND WE'LL LET YOUR FRIEND, STUPE, COME ALONG FOR COMPANY!



IN YOU GO...



HEY! YOU LITTLE...

'SLONG, COPPER - NO RIDE FOR ME!



STOP! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT!

THREE TIMES OVER HIS HEAD - THEN RUN AFTER HIM!



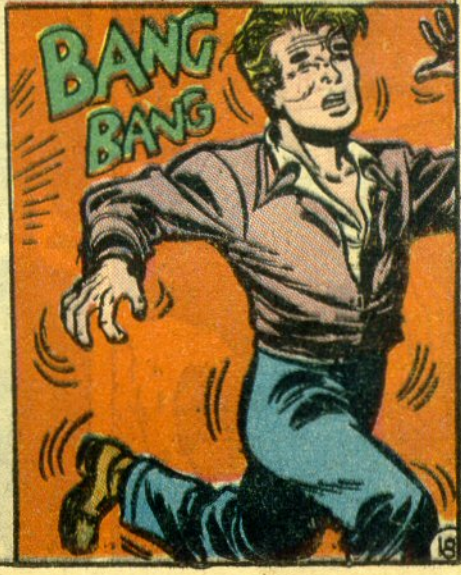
IT'S NO USE CHASING HIM, HE'S TOO FAST!

ONE LAST WARNING! WILL YA STOP?



HE'S GOING INTO THE ALLEY! TRY AND GET HIM IN THE LEGS OR YOU'LL LOSE HIM!

I'LL BE LUCKY IF I HIT HIM AT ALL! LOOK AT THAT CRAZY FELLER TRAVEL!



BANG BANG



YOU GOT HIM!

YEAH, BUT I SURE HATED TO DO IT! CALL AN AMBULANCE! HURRY!



NO! NEVER MIND— HE'S DEAD! I JUST DID MY DUTY, BUT THIS TIME I DON'T LIKE IT!

YOU COULDN'T HELP IT, LEARY! YOU WARNED HIM TO STOP!



I'M NO TURTLE MYSELF, BUT I NEVER SAW ANYONE MOVE THAT FAST!

IF HE'D BEEN CLOCKED, I'LL BET HE'D HAVE BROKEN SOME KIND OF RECORD!

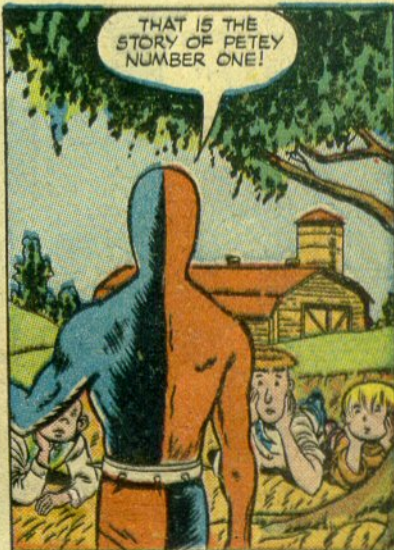


THE DISTANCE PETEY RAN BEFORE BEING BROUGHT DOWN WAS EXACTLY ONE HUNDRED YARDS—AND HIS TIME—9.4 SECONDS—EQUALED THE WORLD'S RECORD!

AND LOOK AT THE SHOES HE WAS WEARING! IT'S A MIRACLE HE COULD RUN IN THEM AT ALL!



POOR LAD! EVEN THOUGH HE WAS A CROOK AND PROBABLY GOT WHAT HE ASKED FOR, I CAN'T HELP FEELING SORRY FOR HIM! HE'D STILL HAVE HIS WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF HIM, IF HE'D STAYED ON THE RIGHT SIDE OF THE LAW!



THAT IS THE STORY OF PETEY NUMBER ONE!



GOSH! GEE, WHAT A SAD STORY, D.D.! FATE SURE CAUGHT UP WITH HIM FAST! WHAT A CHUMP HE WAS!

IF HE GOT AWAY WITH IT THAT TIME, HE WOULD HAVE KEPT GETTIN' WORSE! SOONER OR LATER, SOMETHING AWFUL WOULD'VE HAPPENED TO HIM! GOSH, DARN IT— WHY DIDN'T SOMEBODY TELL HIM CRIME DOESN'T PAY?

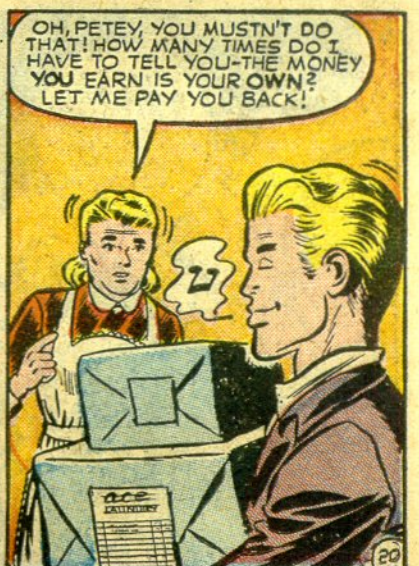


HEY! DON'T TAKE IT SO TO HEART, SCARECROW! I'LL ADMIT IT'S A TRAGIC STORY, BUT REMEMBER, IT'S ONLY FICTION! I WAS JUST USING IT TO ILLUSTRATE THE POINT I WANT TO MAKE!



SHUCKS, THAT'S RIGHT! THE WAY YOU TOLD IT MADE IT SEEM SO REAL THAT I FORGOT YOU WERE MAKING IT UP! NOW WHAT ABOUT PETEY NUMBER TWO—WHAT'S HIS STORY?

YEAH— LET'S HEAR ABOUT HIM!





OH, YOU BUY SOMETHING FOR YOURSELF WITH THE MONEY—I'D LIKE YOU TO! IT MAKES ME FEEL GOOD TO BE ABLE TO HELP OUT WHEN I CAN!

I CAN'T REFUSE WHEN YOU PUT IT THAT WAY! THANK YOU, SON! I'LL BUY THE PRETTIEST HAT I CAN FIND!



PETEY, YOU MUST BE PRETTY HUNGRY! WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE YOUR SUPPER EARLY?

I'M A LITTLE HUNGRY, BUT I'D RATHER WAIT FOR POP—IT'S MORE FUN WHEN WE ALL EAT TOGETHER!



HI, THERE, PETEY—HOW WAS SCHOOL TODAY?

PRETTY GOOD! THAT STUFF YOU TOLD ME ABOUT THE CIVIL WAR HELPED ME A LOT IN HISTORY CLASS!



WHO DO YOU THINK WILL WIN THE PENNANT THIS YEAR, POP—ST. LOUIS?

COULD BE! BUT YOU KNOW ME, I'M LOYAL TO THE YANKS!

HEY, THERE—DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE STAYING IN ON A NICE NIGHT LIKE THIS!

CRINGE

AWW..I HAVE SOME STUDYING TO GET AHEAD ON, SO I'LL HAVE TIME FOR TRACK PRACTICE TOMORROW!



PETEY, STUPE IS HERE! HE WANTS TO KNOW IF YOU'D LIKE TO GO TO THE MOVIES!

GO AHEAD, SON! IT'LL DO YOU GOOD TO GET OUT FOR AWHILE!



AW, NUTS—IT'S ONE OF THEM SLUSHY LOVE PICTURES! WE DON'T WANT TO SEE THAT! WHAT SAY WE GO OVER TO THE BLUE STAR DANCE HALL FOR A COUPLA BEERS AN' SOME DANCIN'? MAYBE WE CAN LINE UP A COUPLE OF JANES!

NOW SHOWING APRIL HEAVEN



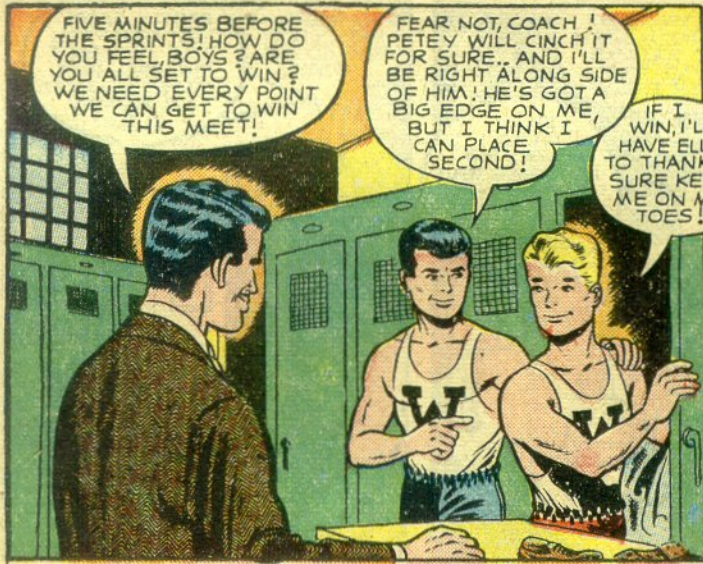
YOU GO AHEAD IF YOU WANT TO, STUPE! I THINK I'LL GO HOME! I'M IN TRAINING FOR THE TRACK MEET, SO BEER AND LATE HOURS ARE OUT 'FOR' ME!

TRACK, TRACK, TRACK—THAT'S ALL YOU EVER THINK ABOUT! WELL, LOOK—HOW'S CHANCES OF BORROWIN' A BUCK TILL SATURDAY?



SURE—HERE YOU ARE, AND HAVE A GOOD TIME! WINNING THE INTER-SCHOLASTIC TITLE MEANS A LOT TO ME!

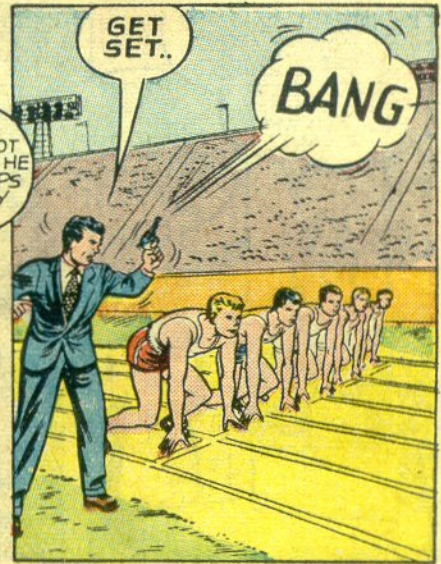
THANKS, PETEY—I'LL DRINK A BEER TO YOUR WINNING! HOW'S THAT?



FIVE MINUTES BEFORE THE SPRINTS! HOW DO YOU FEEL, BOYS? ARE YOU ALL SET TO WIN? WE NEED EVERY POINT WE CAN GET TO WIN THIS MEET!

FEAR NOT, COACH! PETEY WILL CINCH IT FOR SURE.. AND I'LL BE RIGHT ALONG SIDE OF HIM! HE'S GOT A BIG EDGE ON ME, BUT I THINK I CAN PLACE SECOND!

IF I WIN, I'LL HAVE ELLIOT TO THANK! HE SURE KEEPS ME ON MY TOES!



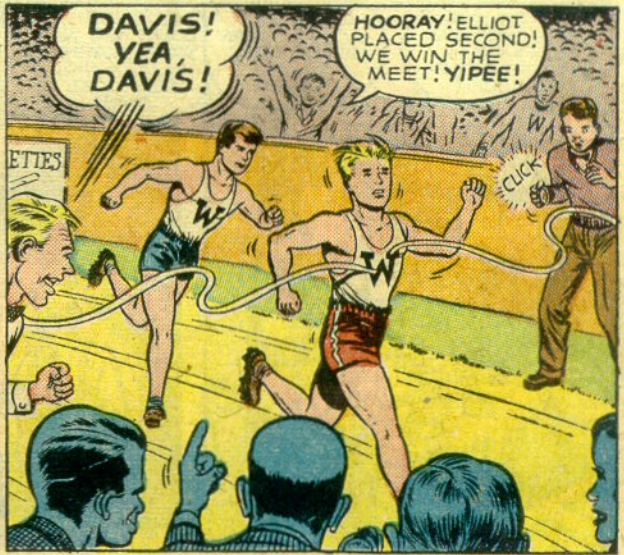
GET SET..

BANG



C'MON, DAVIS! MAKE WITH THE FEET!

PETE DAVIS IS IN THE LEAD! HE'S THE FASTEST RUNNER WE'VE EVER HAD AT WINSLEY!



DAVIS! YEA, DAVIS!

HOORAY! ELLIOT PLACED SECOND! WE WIN THE MEET! YIPEE!

CLICK



HOW D'YOU LIKE THAT FOR TIME! NINE AND SEVEN TENTHS SECONDS! THAT SETS A NEW INTERCITY RECORD!



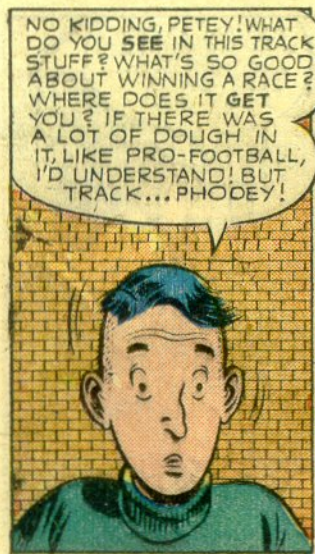
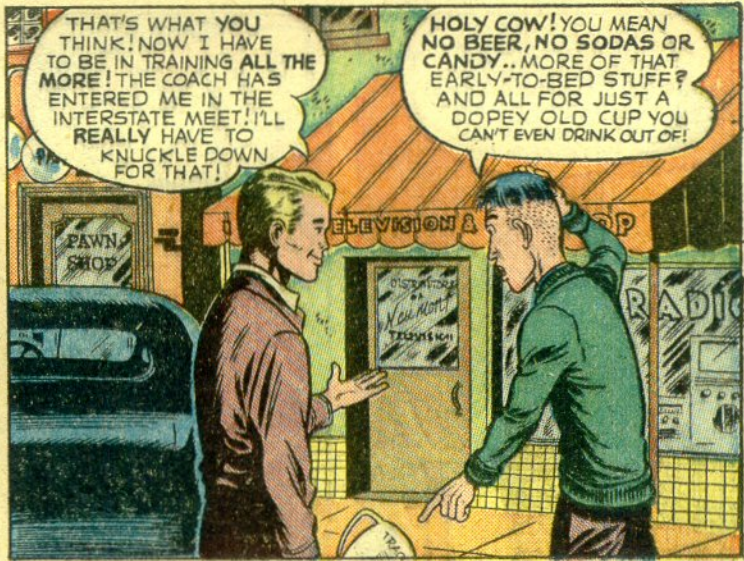
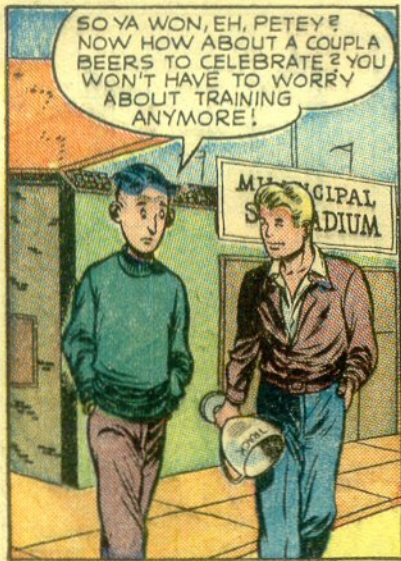
C'MON FELLERS! TWO HIPS AN' A H'RAY FOR DAVIS!

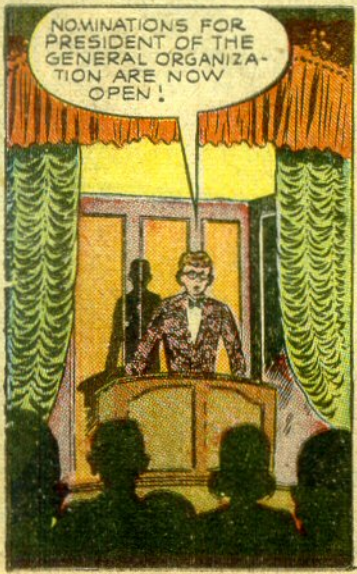
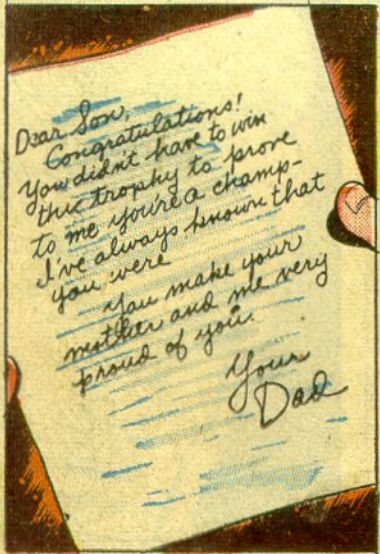
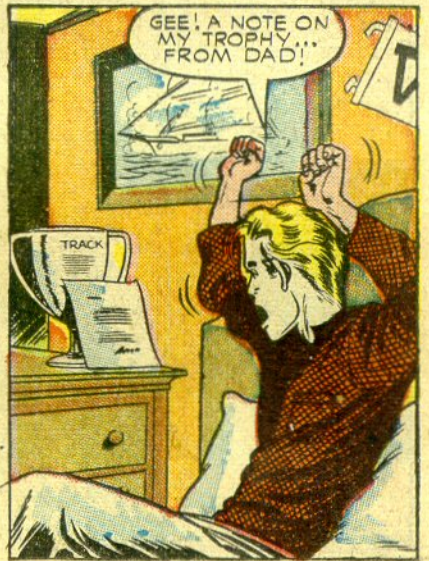
H'RAY FOR PETEY! HE BROKE THE RECORD!

GET ELLIOT UP HERE, TOO! WE COULDN'T HAVE WON WITHOUT HIM!

YEA, PETEY! THAT'S MY BOY!

HIP, HIP H'RAY!







GOSH, PETEY, I GUESS NOW YOU'LL BE TOO STUCK UP TO GO AROUND WITH A NOBODY LIKE ME! YOU'LL BE TOO BUSY WITH ALL THE SLICK CHICKS AND BIG SHOTS, TO JUST SIT AROUND AND GAB WITH ME!



MI-GOSH! DON'T BE A STUPE, STUPE! WHAT'S GETTING ELECTED G. O. PRESIDENT GOT TO DO WITH US BEING PALS? I'M STILL THE SAME GUY!

NO KIDDING! YOU REALLY MEAN IT?

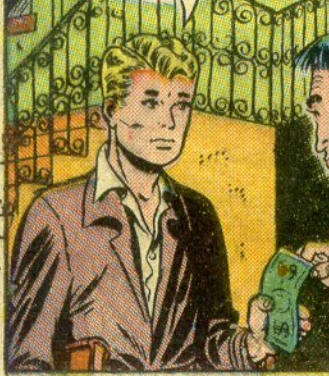


EVERYTHING'S JUST THE SAME AS BEFORE! RIGHT NOW I'M HEADED FOR TRACK PRACTICE! DO YOU WANT TO COME ALONG?

NAW! I THINK I'LL DUCK BACK OF THE STADIUM FOR A LITTLE CRAP GAME! THAT IS, IF I CAN BORROW ANOTHER BUCK, JUST TILL SATURDAY!



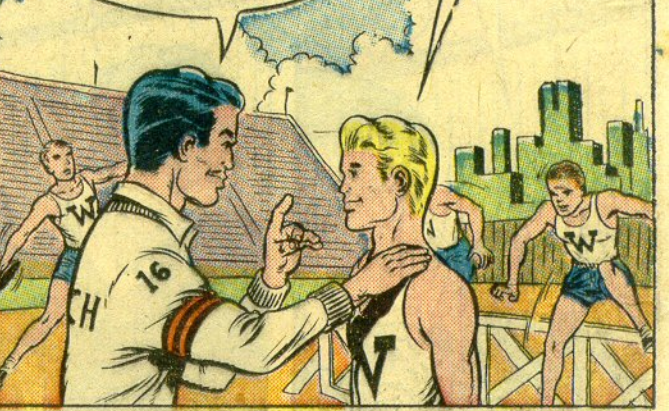
SURE, STUPE...HEY NO WONDER YOU'RE ALWAYS BROKE THREE DAYS AFTER YOU GET YOUR ALLOWANCE! I REALLY SHOULDN'T LET YOU HAVE IT! WHY DON'T YOU CUT THAT STUFF OUT?



WHAT? JUST BECAUSE I'M A LITTLE DOWN ON MY LUCK? IT'S BOUND TO CHANGE! THANKS!

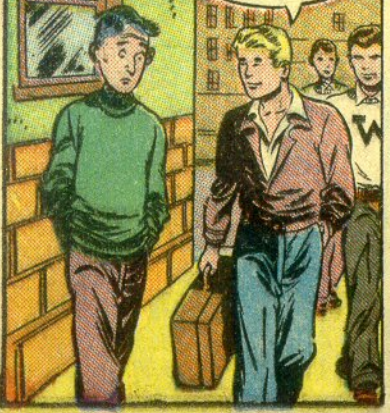
PETEY, YOU'RE DOING FINE! IT WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME ONE BIT IF YOU CLIPPED ANOTHER TENTH OF A SECOND OFF YOUR TIME IN THE INTERSTATE MEET TOMORROW!

I SURE HOPE SO, COACH! I THINK I'M IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE!



TODAY'S THE BIG DAY, HUH PETEY?

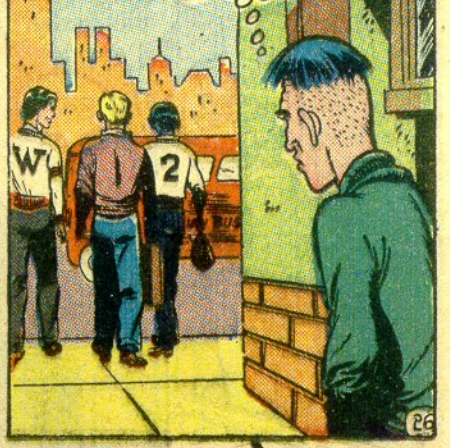
IT SURE IS! HOW ABOUT COMING DOWN TO THE ARMORY WITH ME? I'VE GOT AN EXTRA TICKET YOU CAN HAVE!

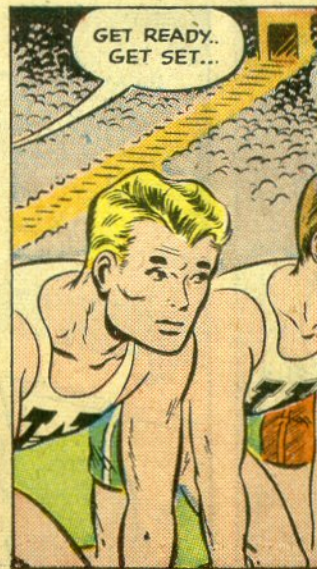
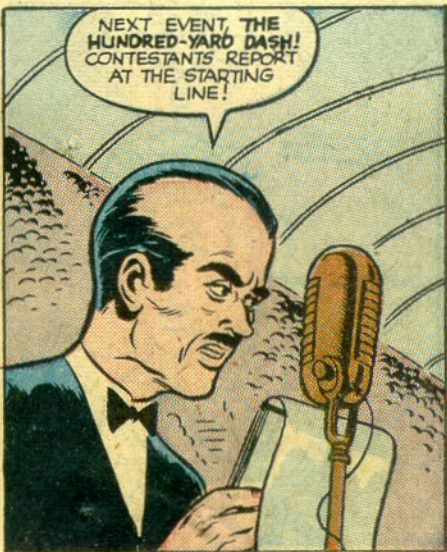
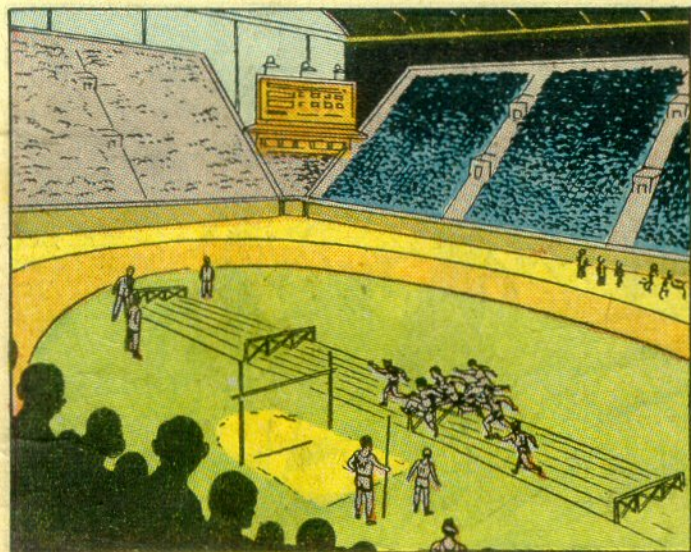
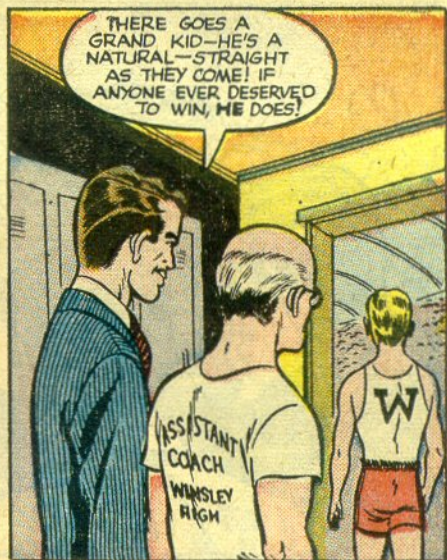


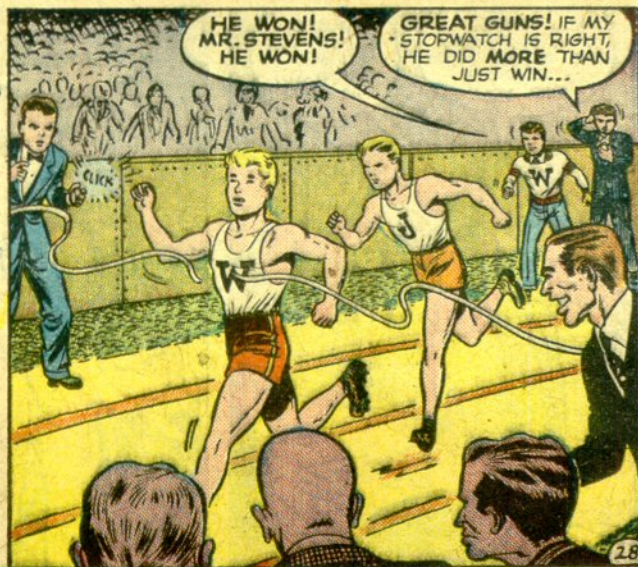
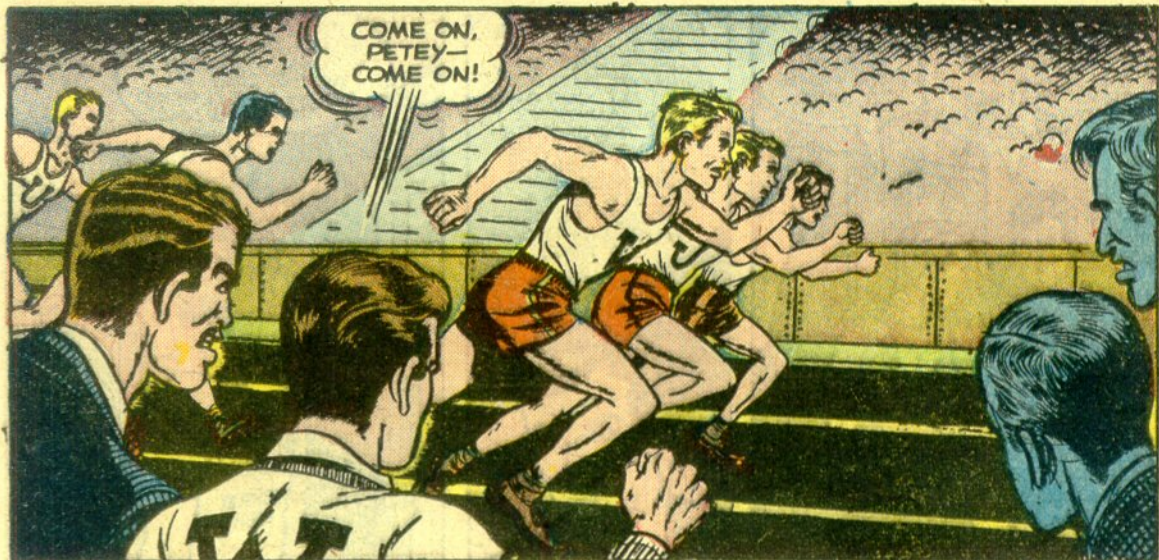
AW, I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU RACE, BUT I'D HAVE TO SIT THROUGH ALL THE OTHER EVENTS! NAW! THANKS JUST THE SAME, PETEY! YOU GO ALONG WITH THE GANG!

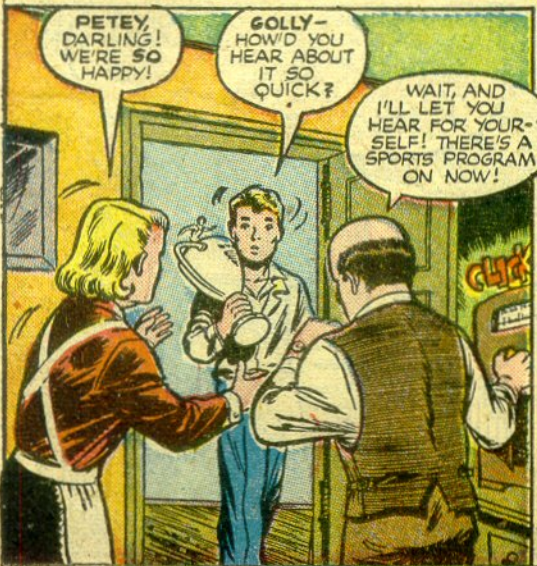
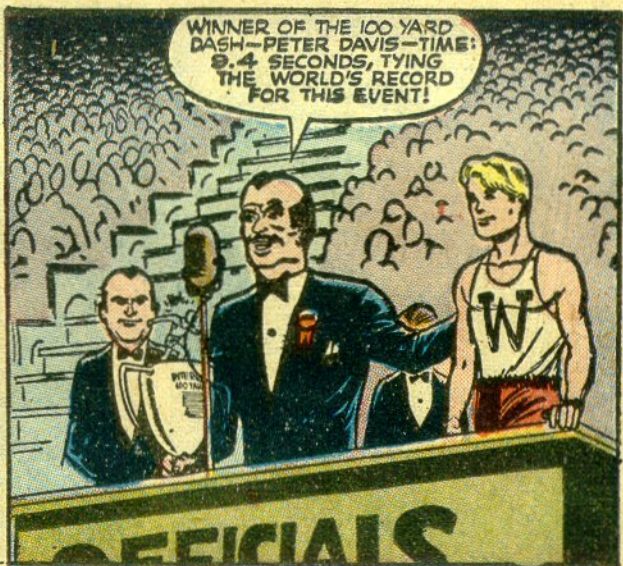


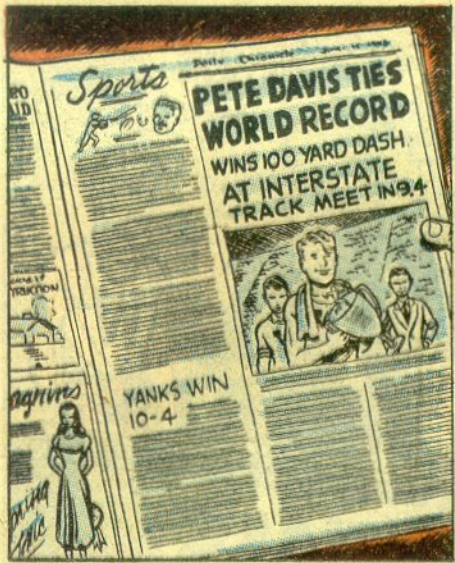
GOLLY! I ALMOST WISH I COULD RUN OR JUMP OR SOMETHING! I... AW, WHAT AM I SAYING? I MUST BE GOING SOFT!











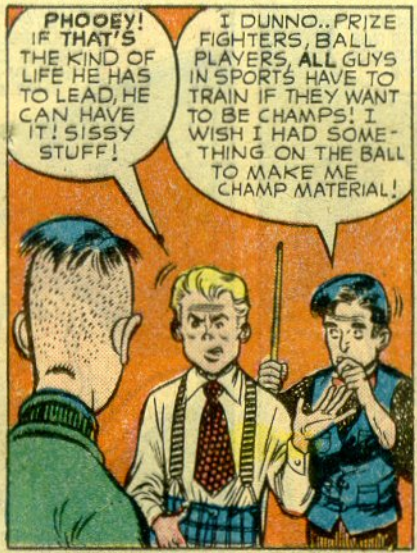
SEE THIS! THAT'S MY PAL, PETEY! HE'S **SOME GUY**, EH? HIM AN' ME ARE JUST LIKE BROTHERS!

NO KIDDING! YOU MEAN **HIM-BOY**, HE MAY EVEN BE **OLYMPIC CHAMP** SOME DAY!

PRETTY SOFT! ALL HE HAS TO DO IS RUN LIKE CRAZY AND HE GETS ALL THAT PUBLICITY!



OH, YEAH? LEMME TELL YOU, DUKE, IT'S NOT THAT EASY! PETEY HAS TO KEEP IN TRAINING! NO SMOKES - NO LATE HOURS! HE REALLY WORKS HARD TO WIN! HE DESERVES ALL HE GETS!



PHOOEY! IF THAT'S THE KIND OF LIFE HE HAS TO LEAD, HE CAN HAVE IT! SISSY STUFF!

I DUNNO... PRIZE FIGHTERS, BALL PLAYERS, ALL GUYS IN SPORTS HAVE TO TRAIN IF THEY WANT TO BE CHAMPS! I WISH I HAD SOMETHING ON THE BALL TO MAKE ME CHAMP MATERIAL!



I'D TRAIN AND DO EVERYTHING! ONLY I'M JUST AN AVERAGE GUY!

NO KIDDIN', ACE, IS THAT HOW YOU FEEL? I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU FELT THAT KIND OF STUFF WAS A LOT OF BULL!



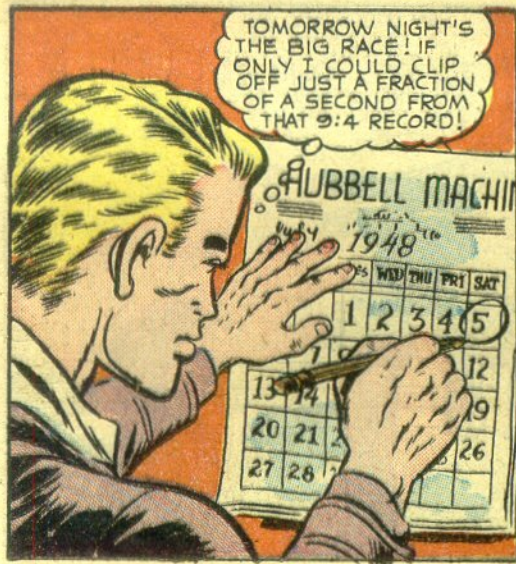
AW, LET'S SKIP IT! MAYBE I'LL BE A CHAMP POOL PLAYER SOME DAY!

THE HECK YOU WILL! NOT WHEN HALF THE TIME YOU HAVE THE SHAKES FROM WORRYING ABOUT THE DOUGH YOU OWE THE BOOKIES! C'MON, LETS PLAY!

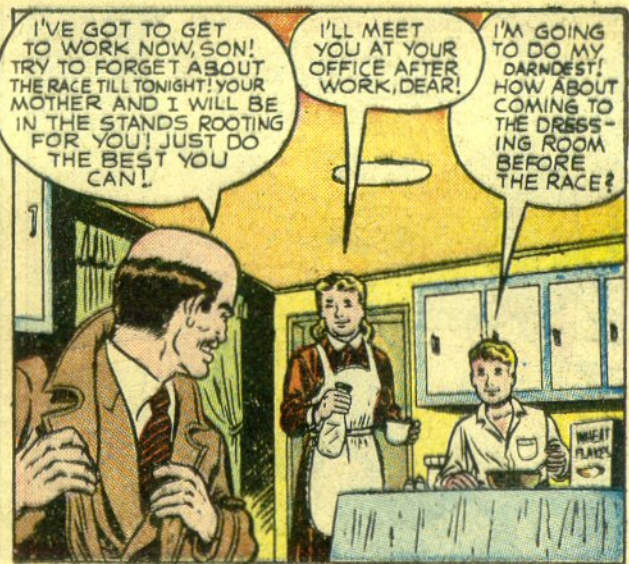
I THINK I'LL RUN ALONG, FELLERS!



GEE! I ALWAYS KIND OF LOOKED UP TO ACE AS BEING A **REGULAR GUY**, A **REAL BIG SHOT**! I FIGURED HE'D THINK TRACK AND ALL THAT STUFF WAS SISSY, AND I WAS **WRONG**! HE SAID HE'D LIKE TO BE IN PETEY'S SHOES!



TOMORROW NIGHT'S THE BIG RACE! IF ONLY I COULD CLIP OFF JUST A FRACTION OF A SECOND FROM THAT 9:4 RECORD!



I'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK NOW, SON! TRY TO FORGET ABOUT THE RACE TILL TONIGHT! YOUR MOTHER AND I WILL BE IN THE STANDS ROOTING FOR YOU! JUST DO THE BEST YOU CAN!

I'LL MEET YOU AT YOUR OFFICE AFTER WORK, DEAR!

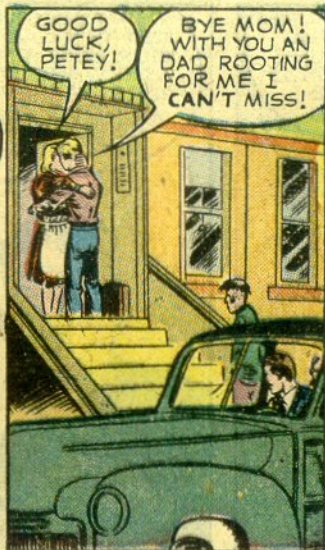
I'M GOING TO DO MY DARDEST! HOW ABOUT COMING TO THE DRESSING ROOM BEFORE THE RACE?



HONK HONK

OOOPS! THAT MUST BE THE COACH AND THE REST OF THE BOYS CALLING FOR ME NOW, MOM! I'VE GOTTA SCOOT!

HERE'S YOUR BAG WITH YOUR TRACK THINGS!



GOOD LUCK, PETEY!

BYE MOM! WITH YOU AN DAD ROOTING FOR ME I CAN'T MISS!



HEY, THERE, STUPE! HOW YA DOIN'? HOW ABOUT COMING TO THE TRACK MEET? THIS IS MY BIGGEST RACE!

WELL.. YEAH.. MAYBE!



I'M ON MY WAY NOW-THE REST OF THE TEAM IS WAITING! HOW'S ABOUT COMING ALONG?

AW, THEY WON'T HAVE ROOM FOR ME! I'LL RIDE DOWN LATER ON THE BUS!



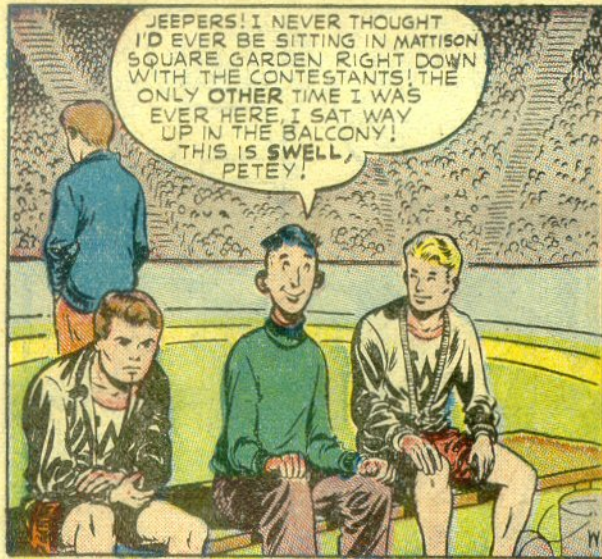
HEY, COACH! THERE'S ROOM FOR MY PAL, STUPE, ISN'T THERE?

SURE, PETEY, ALWAYS ROOM FOR ONE MORE! BRING HIM ALONG!



I STILL HAVE TO GET A TICKET, AND...

FORGET IT, STUPE! IF YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND OF PETEY'S, YOU CAN COME IN WITH THE TEAM! FORGET THE TICKET!



JEEPERS! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D EVER BE SITTING IN MATTISON SQUARE GARDEN RIGHT DOWN WITH THE CONTESTANTS! THE ONLY OTHER TIME I WAS EVER HERE, I SAT WAY UP IN THE BALCONY! THIS IS SWELL, PETEY!



HEY, STUPE, MAYBE YOU COULD HELP US OUT! COULD YOU GET US A BUCKET OF WATER, AND THEN KIND OF KEEP THE TEAM TOGETHER SO I CAN KEEP TRACK OF THEM?

YOU BET I CAN!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARK? YOU ACT AS IF YOU WERE WORRIED! SOMETHING WRONG? CAN I HELP?

THANKS, STUPE. IT'S JUST THAT I'M NERVOUS—I GUESS CROWDS MAKE ME JUMPY!



DON'T FEEL LIKE THAT! JUST THINK ABOUT BEATING YOUR BEST TIME! I WOULDN'T WORRY ABOUT THE SPECTATORS! IF THEY COULD RUN AS GOOD AS YOU, THEY'D BE DOWN HERE, INSTEAD OF JUST WATCHING!

GEE, YOU'RE RIGHT, STUPE! I GUESS IT IS SILLY TO WORRY!



HEY THERE, STUPE! I JUST HEARD YOU TALKING TO MARK! THAT WAS GOOD ADVICE YOU HANDED OUT! HOW IS IT THAT YOU NEVER COME OUT TO TRACK? YOU HAVE THE MAKINGS OF A DARN GOOD MANAGER!

AW, I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT TRACK! I'M JUST TELLING HIM STUFF I'VE HEARD PETEY SAY!



WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT TRACK, YOU COULD LEARN! THE POINT IS—YOU KNOW HOW TO KEEP A RUNNER STEADIED DOWN BEFORE THE MEET—THAT COUNTS FOR A LOT! I THINK WE'LL NEED A NEW MANAGER NEXT TERM, COME TALK IT OVER WITH ME TOMORROW!

WILL I! BOY O' BOY, I'LL BE IN TO SEE YOU, HONEST I WILL! BOY O' BOY!



HI, STUPE— YOU LOOK AS IF YOU'RE ENJOYING THE TRACK MEET AFTER ALL! I KNEW YOU WOULD IF I COULD ONCE GET YOU TO SEE ONE!

IT'S SWELL, PETEY! I WISH I'D COME WHEN YOU FIRST ASKED ME! DO YOU KNOW THE COACH WANTS ME TO TAKE A WHACK AT MANAGING THE TEAM?



NO FOOLING! HEY, THAT'S WONDERFUL! I'M AWFULLY GLAD, STUPE!

SO AM I—AND I CAN THANK YOU FOR IT! IT'S JUST BECAUSE I REMEMBERED SOME OF THE THINGS YOU TOLD ME ABOUT TRACK, AND THE COACH HEARD ME TALKING TO MARK!

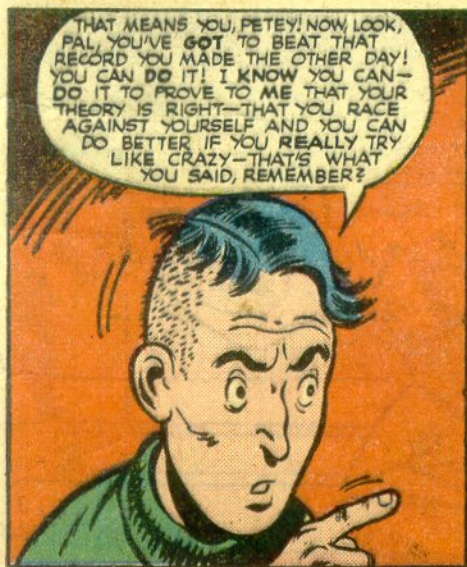


HONEST? GOSH, WHEN I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T THINK YOU AGREED WITH ME AT ALL! I THOUGHT YOU LOOKED AT ME AS BEING KIND OF A DOPE FOR BEING SO HEPPED ON SPORTS!

MAYBE I DIDN'T THEN, BUT I'VE CHANGED MY MIND!



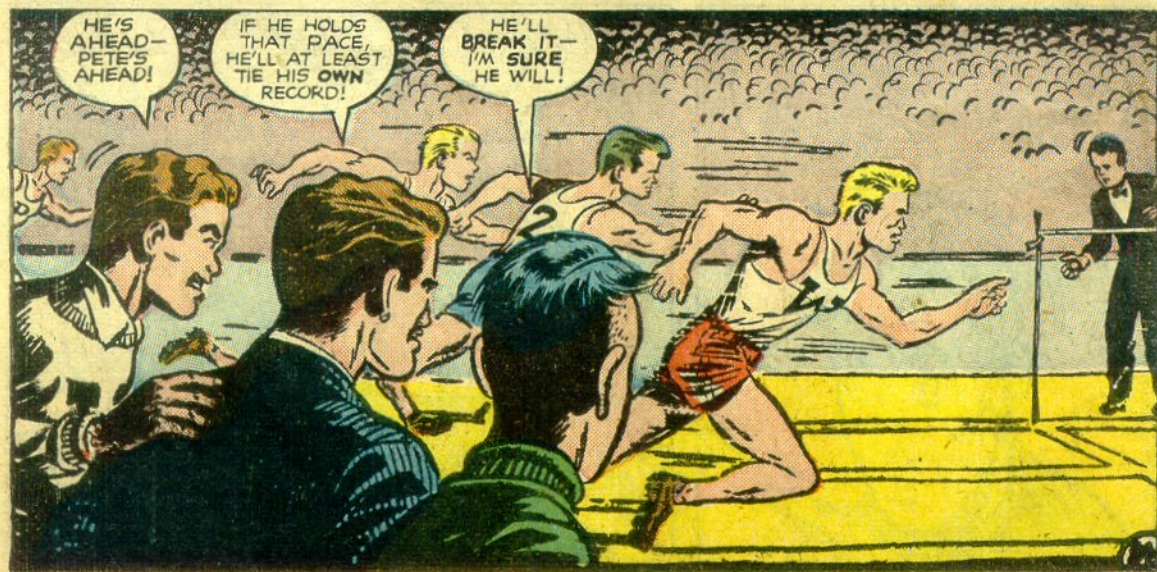
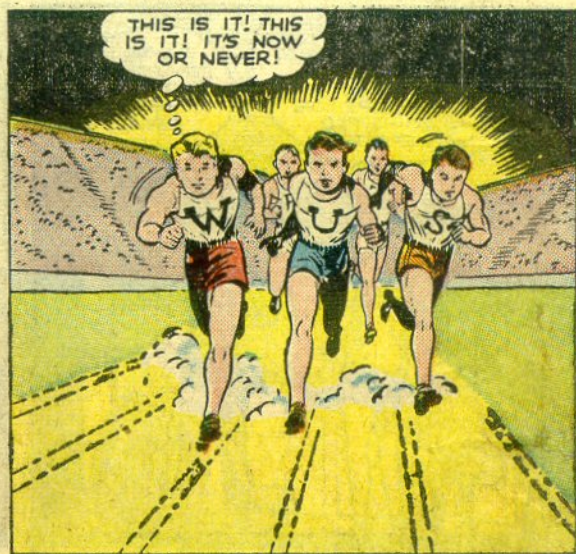
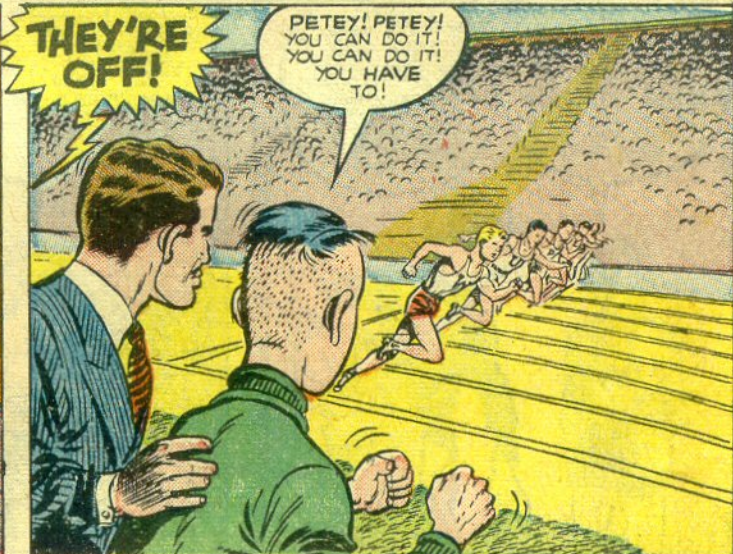
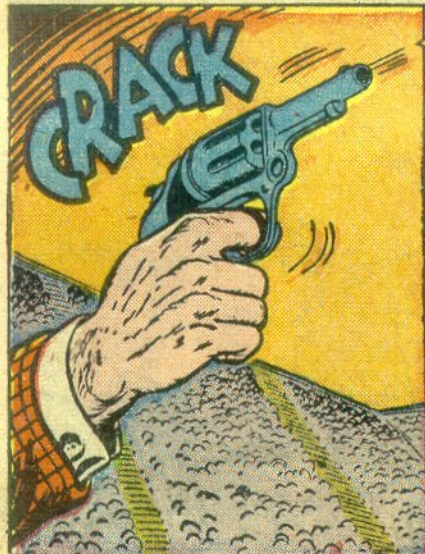
THE NEXT EVENT—THE HUNDRED-YARD DASH! RUNNERS WILL KINDLY REPORT TO THE STARTER!

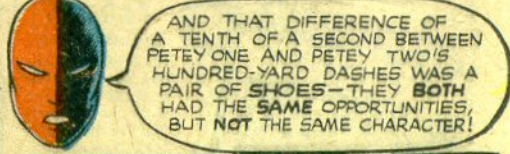
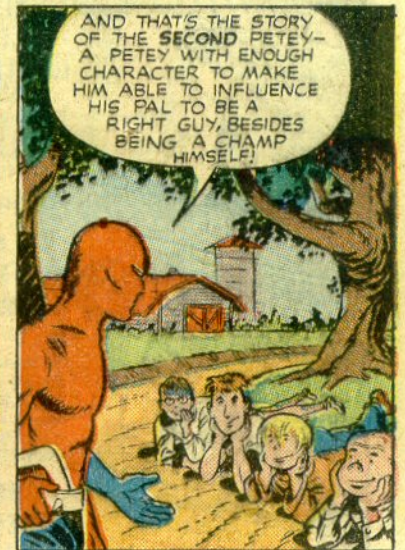
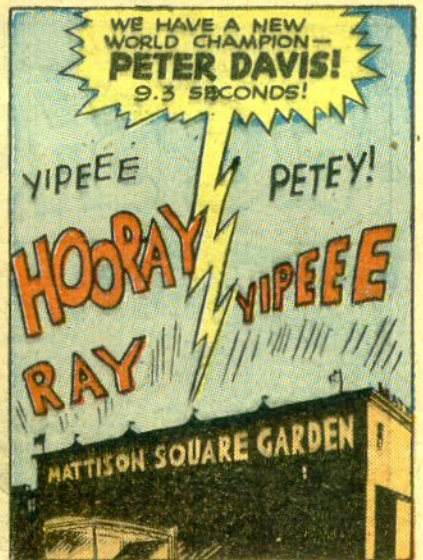
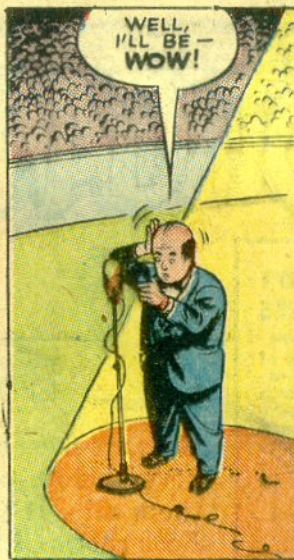


THAT MEANS YOU, PETEY! NOW LOOK, PAL, YOU'VE GOT TO BEAT THAT RECORD YOU MADE THE OTHER DAY! YOU CAN DO IT! I KNOW YOU CAN— DO IT TO PROVE TO ME THAT YOUR THEORY IS RIGHT—THAT YOU RACE AGAINST YOURSELF AND YOU CAN DO BETTER IF YOU REALLY TRY LIKE CRAZY—THAT'S WHAT YOU SAID, REMEMBER?



STUPE BELIEVES IN ME! OF ALL PEOPLE, STUPE—THE GUY WHO'S BEEN SO CYNICAL ABOUT EVERYTHING DECENT—THE GUY WHO SAID IT WAS SISSY STUFF AND GOSH, WITH MOM AND DAD, AND THE COACH ALL PULLING FOR ME— IF EVER I WANTED TO DO SOMETHING, THIS IS IT!





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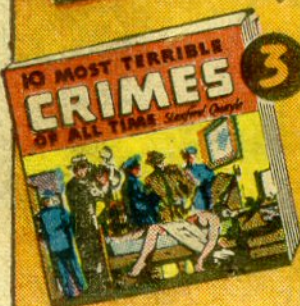
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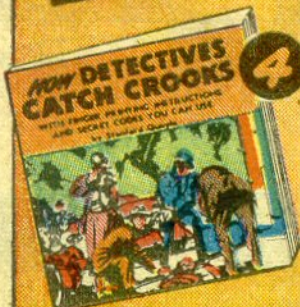
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OVERDONE ALIBI

A CRIMEBUSTER STORY

ROBERT BLAINEY, veteran sportswriter, lay dead on the floor of his study, a tiny hole in his left temple, and a gun clutched in his left hand. A police officer bent over the body, his movements swift and efficient as he applied the paraffin test to the dead man's hand to discover whether that hand had recently fired a gun.

Chief Inspector Crandell turned from his silent watching of the procedure to a plump, terrified woman cowering in a large chair.

"Where do Miss Arno and Shannon live, Clara? It's been half an hour since I sent men to pick them up."

Clara shivered as she dragged her eyes from the body of her employer. "Why—why, I'm not sure," she answered. "I think they—oh, there's the bell! Maybe they're here now—"

Crandell headed for the door. "Never mind—I'll get it."

He flung open the door and stopped, with an expression of wry surprise on his face. "Well! How did you get here?"

Crimebuster grinned engagingly. "Now, now, Inspector, what a way to greet a friend," he laughed. "You're not the only one who has a short wave radio, you know—or who knows that dizzy police code. Besides, I need a little excitement. What goes on?"

"Well, I can't promise you any excitement just yet," said Crandell as he and *Crimebuster* started for the study, "but I can tell you what there is of the story, though. Blainey's dead with a gun in his hand. We don't know if it's suicide or not, but we will in a minute. His niece, June Arno, and Jack Shannon were with him earlier in the evening, so I've sent for them. The maid, Clara, found the body an hour ago—"

"Is that Jack Shannon the fighter who lost the championship the other day?"

"That's right. Come on, you can look the place over and I'll have Clara tell us the story again while you do," answered Crandell.

Crimebuster bent to examine the body, and then straightened up to glance around the room as Crandell turned to Clara.

"Now, Clara," he said quietly, "tell us all about this afternoon again. Try to remember everything."

Clara frowned. "Well, like I told you before, Mr. Crandell, Mr. Blainey and Mr. Shannon

were in the study here, talking, when Miss June came. She rang the bell, and I—"

Crandell interrupted. "What were they talking about, Clara? Could you hear them?"

"No, I couldn't," answered Clara. "Oh—except just when I went to let Miss June in. I heard Mr. Blainey say, 'Here's the proof, in writing. I'm sure now that you'll change your mind about June.' That's all I heard. Then I opened the door, and showed Miss June in here."

Crandell frowned. "What do you suppose he meant, Clara?"

Clara shrugged. "I'm sure I wouldn't know, sir. I never pried into their affairs. Maybe it was something to do with Mr. Blainey not wanting June to marry Mr. Shannon."

"Oh, is that so? He didn't like the idea, eh?"

"Well, I wouldn't want you to say I said so, sir," answered Clara. "He never told me so, really. But a couple of times I heard him arguing with Miss June, and telling her Mr. Shannon was a cheap crook." She frowned thoughtfully. "Once I heard Miss June say she didn't care what Mr. Blainey said, she was going to marry whoever she pleased, even if she had to do it over Mr. Blainey's dead body." She shivered, glancing at the figure on the floor.

Crandell glanced at *Crimebuster*, and then said, "Go on, Clara. What happened next?"

"I brought Miss June in here," answered Clara, "and they all said hello, as nice as you please. Mr. Blainey, he was sitting at his desk, and he asked Miss June to put some papers he handed her in the safe over there." She indicated a large picture hanging on the wall.

"A safe, eh? You should have mentioned that sooner," said Crandell. "Johnny, check that safe for prints, will you? And by the way, what about Blainey?"

The man who had been bending over the body moved to examine the safe as he answered, "Nothing on his hands, Chief. He never fired that gun."

"Aha," said Crandell. "I was afraid of that. Well, Clara—what next?"

"Nothing much, sir," said Clara. "Miss June and Mr. Shannon left in a few minutes, and then I went out to the movies. When I came back I found Mr. Blainey—like that. And—and—well, I went to the movies with Mike Maloney. He's a policeman, sir, like you, so I—well I—"

"Don't worry, Clara," grinned Crandell. "You've got a good alibi. Ah, there's the bell again. Must be the others. Let them in, will you?"

June Arno entered first, being careful not to look at the body on the floor. She was a slim, pretty girl of about twenty. Her tight lips showed the effort she was making to control herself.

Behind her in the doorway loomed the heavy shoulders and familiar face of Jack Shannon, ex-champion. He escorted the girl solicitously to a chair, and turned to face *Crimebuster* and the Inspector, who were holding a whispered consultation with the officer who had examined the safe.

"Well, gentlemen," said Shannon, "we're both ready to help in any way we can. Naturally, we're pretty upset over this, especially since June and I are intending to be married. Bob, Mr. Blainey, that is, had only this evening told us of his plans for a reception to announce our engagement." *Crimebuster's* eyes narrowed, but he kept silent as Shannon continued. "I might as well tell you now that we have no idea why Mr. Blainey committed suicide. He was very happy and normal when we left him earlier tonight."

Crandell looked quizzically at Shannon for a moment, and then turned to *Crimebuster*. "Talks too much, doesn't he?" Ignoring Shannon's growl of protest, he continued. "Simplest case I've seen in a long while, except for one thing. Is it one of them, or both?"

Crimebuster grinned. "I think I can answer that," he said. He turned abruptly to the puzzled girl staring at him and said coldly, "Miss Arno, we have conclusive proof that you murdered your uncle!"

The girl swayed. She opened her mouth to speak, but no words came. Shannon, however, had no such trouble. "Why, you punk! I'll smash you like a fly for that," he roared. "She was at home! What proof have you got? It's a lie, whatever it is!"

"The best proof in the world, Shannon," answered *Crimebuster*. "Fingerprints! Miss Arno's fingerprints, all over that safe!" Crandell started, but *Crimebuster* never took his eyes from Shannon's face.

Purple with rage, the fighter advanced towards *Crimebuster*, who leaned against the desk. "Fingerprints! What do you mean, fingerprints," he raged. "There isn't a single print on that safe! Why should there be any talk of the safe? Nothing was taken! Why should her prints be on the

safe?"

Crimebuster's voice was like a whiplash. "Because she opened the safe this afternoon, Shannon! Her prints should still be there—unless someone wiped them off! But you're right—there are no prints on the safe. And how did you know that, Shannon? Because you wiped them off!" *Crimebuster* leaned forward to glare at the flustered giant. "And if she had killed her uncle, Shannon, why should she wipe them off? She'd be smart enough to know that we'd expect to find her fingerprints!"

Shannon struggled to speak. "I—I—she—!" "Go on, punk, talk," said *Crimebuster*. "You talked enough a minute ago—too much! Why don't you talk now, and tell us how you knew that Blainey had committed suicide? You knew that because you arranged it to look that way, didn't you? And tell us why you told us that Blainey approved of your marriage to his niece, when everyone in the room knows he tried to prevent it! Talk if you can, Shannon! Talk!"

The big man choked, and suddenly found his voice. "All right, all right, I did it," he screamed. "That rat Blainey had proof I threw my last fight, and he said he'd give it to the papers if I married June! She had nothing to do with it! I killed him! And I'll kill you too, right now, you little—!"

Without warning, the fighter threw his huge bulk forward, towering over *Crimebuster*. His heavy fist swung towards *Crimebuster's* face—and stopped in mid-air, caught in a grip of steel. There was a sharp snap, a howl of pain, and Shannon lay stunned upon his back, clutching his wrist to his body.

"Looks natural that way, doesn't he?" Crandell grinned. "Take him away, boys!"

He turned to *Crimebuster*. "Well, you got your excitement, anyhow. Say, that was a nice trick, accusing the girl first. Why didn't you just tell me about the fingerprint angle?"

Crimebuster turned to the shocked girl on the couch. "I'm sorry to have upset Miss Arno that way, but it was necessary. You see, I figured she looked like a smart enough girl to leave her fingerprints on the safe if she had killed Blainey—but you never can be absolutely certain what a woman will do when she's excited. I had to be sure."

He turned to grin at Crandell. "But there's one thing you can be sure of, and you know it as well as I do. Let a killer start talking, and he'll convict himself with his own words. They always overdo it—always!" *the end-*

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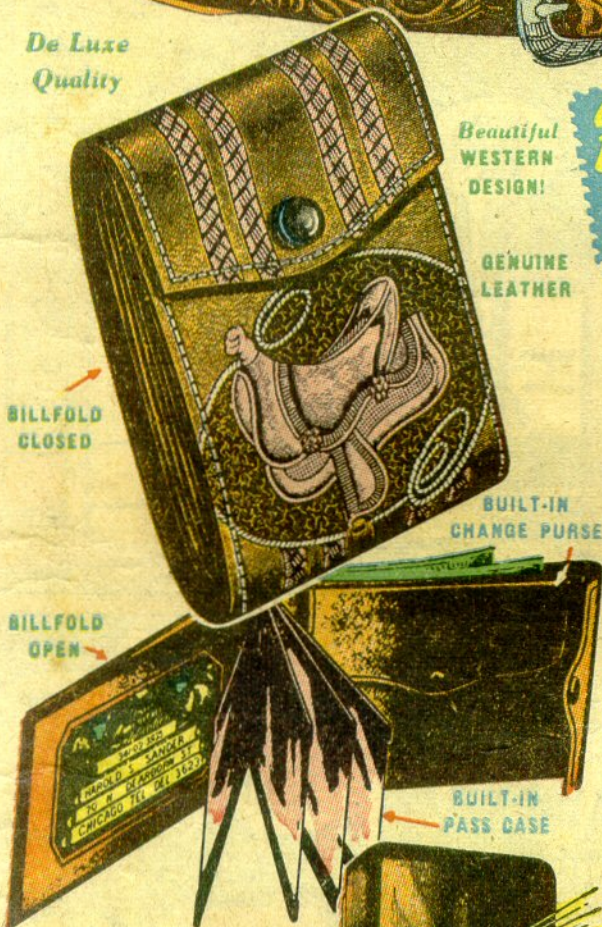
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SNIFFER

SNIFFER OUR DASHING AND ROWDY FRIEND WITH THE BLOODHOUND NOSE, STROLLS EARLY ONE EVENING INTO A TAVERN, TUCKED AWAY IN A DINGY SIDE STREET OF NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE!



I'M OUT TA DO A LITTLE CELEBRATIN' ON ACCOUNT OF JUST THIS AFTER-NOON I COLLECTED AN OLD DEBT I NEVER EXPECTED TO SEE PAID!

CONGRATULATIONS! I'LL JOIN YA IN A FEW GAY BEERS ON DIS MO-MENTUSS OCCASHUN!

GIN FIZZ 30¢



THREE HOURS LATER!

WELL DOWN DA HATCH, OL' PAL, OL' PAL...YOU ARE A SHIC SHWELL GUY TA SHEL' A-BRATE WID...
SHIC SH

THE BESH IN THE BUSINESS! SHAY, WHO'D YA COLLECT ALL THISH DOUGH FROM ANYWAY?



WHY, I COLLECTED IT OFF A DUTCH LOOIE, DA DIRTY CROOK AN HE WAS VERY REASON-ABLE ABOUT IT! NACHERLY I HADDA FIRST BAT HIM AROUND QUITE SOME, TO SHIC DO IT!
SHIC SH

YA DID? HOLY SMOKE, I WOULDN'T WANTA BE IN YOUR SPOT FOR NOTHIN'!



WHY, DUTCH LOOIE IS THE CROOLEST, MEANEST, MURDERIN' FIEND IN TOWN! IF YOU BEAT HIM UP HE'LL STOP AT NOTHIN' TO GET EVEN WITH YA!

POO! WHO'S WORRIED ABOUT HIM? 'TIC & SHAY, WHO'S DIS SPORTY-LOOKING OLD HOODLUM?

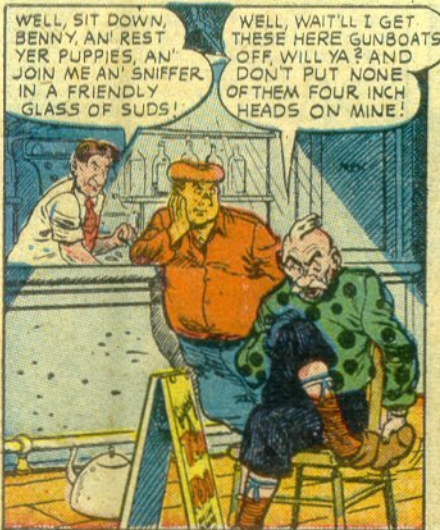


WHY, HE IS KNOWED AS BENNY. ADVERTISEMENT, ON ACCOUNT OF HE'S ALWAYS PICKING UP A BUCK CARTING AROUND A SANDWICH SIGN FOR SOME CONCERN OR OTHER! HOW'S IT GOIN', BENNY?

STINKIN'. THANKS! ABSOLUTELY STINKIN'!



I AIN'T HAD A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP FOR THREE DAYS! MY FEET HURT SUMPIN' FIERCE, AN' BESIDES, IT AIN'T ENOUGH I GOTTA STROLL ABOUT IN THIS STOOPID-LOOKIN' OUTFIT, THEY ALSO WANT ME TO GURGLE, BUBBLE, AN' WHISTLE!



WELL, SIT DOWN, BENNY, AN' REST YER PUPPIES, AN' JOIN ME AN' SNIFFER IN A FRIENDLY GLASS OF SUDS!

WELL, WAIT'LL I GET THESE HERE GUNBOATS OFF WILL YA? AND DON'T PUT NONE OF THEM FOUR INCH HEADS ON MINE!



I'VE TOOK ABOUT ALL I'M GOIN' TO FROM THAT TEA ROOM, SEE? I'M GONNA TELL 'EM TA GET THEMSELVES A NEW AD MAN, SEE?

WELL, BENNY, I-I... SHUT UP! WHEN I WANT ADVICE, I'LL ASK FOR IT!



I'M GONNA GRAB ME A SNOOZE, SO DON'T GO CLANKIN' YER GLASSES AROUND, SEE!

AW, BENNY'S OKAY! HE'S JUST A LITTLE ON THE CURLY SIDE!



I DON'T FEEL SO GAY NO MORE MYSELF, SINCE YA TOLD ME ABOUT DUTCH LOOIE! NO KIDDIN', SNIFFER, I BET RIGHT NOW HE'S PUZZLIN' OUT SOME FIENDISH TYPE OF REVENGE ON YA!

AW, LOOIE AIN'T GOT DA NERVE TO TRY NUTTIN' WITH ME! BUT I FEEL KINDA BLUE ON ACCOUNTA BENNY'S TEA GET-UP REMINDS ME OF A DEAR OLD PAL, BOSTON JOHN!



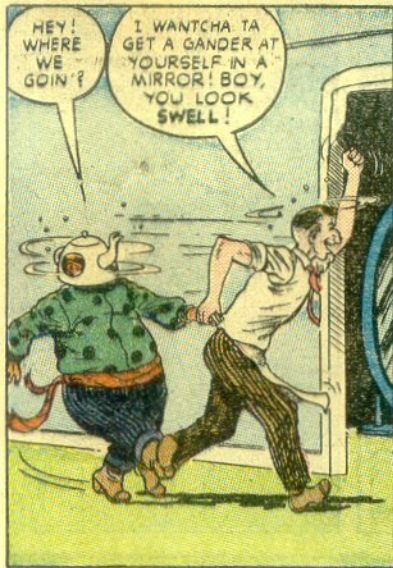
YOU REMEMBER GOOD OLD BOSTON, DON'TCHA, PHIL? HE RAN A LITTLE BUSINESS IMPORTIN' TEA, AS WELL AS OPIUM, AND OTHER SOMEWHAT UNLEGITIMATE COM-MODITIES! AH, FOR THE GAY AN' JOLLY TIMES WE USED TO HAVE TOGETHER, ME AND BOSTON JOHN!



SURE, I REMEMBER! SOB? IN FACT, THIS IS THE ANNI-VERSARY OF POOR OLD BOSTON GETTIN' HIMSELF RUBBED OUT TWO YEARS AGO BY MEL MASSACRE!

AN' MERELY BE-CAUSE BOSTON MADE A SLIGHT SHIPPIN' ERROR AN' DELIVERED MEL 300 CASES OF ORANGE PEKOE BY MISTAKE!

SOB SOB BOO HOO HOO SOB SOB SOB



HEY! WHERE WE GOIN'?

I WANTCHA TA GET A GANDER AT YOURSELF IN A MIRROR! BOY, YOU LOOK SWELL!



I CAN'T SEE NOTHING, PH--

WHAT YOU NEED IS ANOTHER SNORT, SPORT, OLD KID!



HEY, WHADDAYA KNOW! I DO LOOK PRETTY SNAPPY AT THAT!

SURE! DIDN'T I TELL YA! ON YOU THAT OUTFIT IS COLOSSAL!



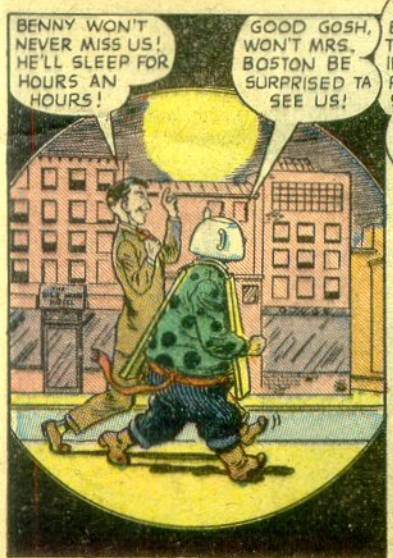
RIGHT! SO GIMME MRS. BOSTON'S ADDRESS, AND I'LL BEAT IT RIGHT OUT THERE!

ADDRESS... NUTS! I WOULDN'T MISS THIS FOR A MILLION BUCKS! I'M GOIN' WITH YA! BUSINESS IS TERRIBLE TONIGHT ANYWAY!



LEMME LOCK UP! YA GOT A CAR SOMEWHERE?

YEAH, I'M PARKED UP DA STREET A FEW BLOCKS! GET A MOVE ON, WILL YA?



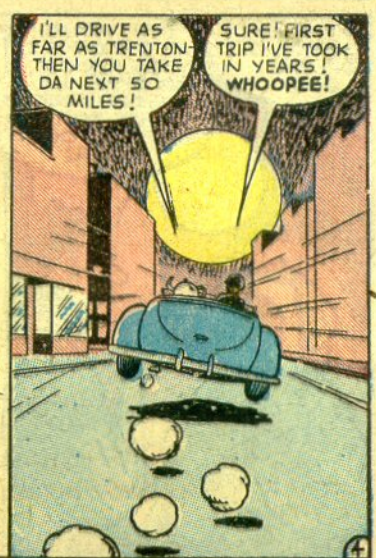
BENNY WON'T NEVER MISS US! HE'LL SLEEP FOR HOURS AN HOURS!

GOOD GOSH, WON'T MRS. BOSTON BE SURPRISED TA SEE US!



SURPRISED? SHE'LL BE AGHAST! WITH THE MOONLIGHT GLINTIN' DOWN ON YER TEA-POT, YOU LOOK LIKE SOME MYSTERIOUS KNIGHT RIDIN' OUT TO RESCUE A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!

AW, CAN IT AND CLIMB IN, LOCHINVAR! WE GOT A LONG RIDE AHEAD OF US!



I'LL DRIVE AS FAR AS TRENTON THEN YOU TAKE DA NEXT 50 MILES!

SURE! FIRST TRIP I'VE TOOK IN YEARS! WHOOPEE!





MIGOSH!
WHAT'S
DIS?

HER TRUNK! SINCE
YOU HAVE PAID THE
RENT WHAT WAS OWED,
IT'S YOURS! ALL
YOURS! TAKE IT
AWAY!



OH YEAH?
WELL I DON'T
WANT IT! YOU
CAN HAVE IT!
IT'S TOO
HEAVY FER
ME!

NOW AIN'T THAT
TOO BAD! LISTEN,
UGLY, YOU PAID
FOR IT, SO IT'S
YOURS! THAT'S
THE LAW! NOW
GET IT OUT OF
HERE OR I'LL
CALL THE
COPS!



PHOOEY! WHAT
A MISERABLE FLOP
OF A TRIP THIS
WAS! ME AND
MY BIG IDEAS!

WAIT! LL I
GET MY MITTS
ON THAT BENNY
ADVERTISEMENT,
THE BUM!



WE WAS HAVIN'
A GOOD TIME
TILL HE HADDA
COME IN AND
REMINDE US OF
BOSTON JOHN..
WHAT'S UP,
SNIFFER?

DAT SMELL!
IT'S... IT'S MRS.
BOSTON! I RECOGNIZED IT FROM
HER TRUNK! SHE'S
BEEN AROUND
HERE!

TAKE DA
WHEEL, PHIL!
WE'LL TRACK
HER DOWN!

SNIFF
SNIFF



TURN LEFT! NOW
RIGHT! IT'S GETTING
STRONGER!
STOP AT A
DELICATESSEN!

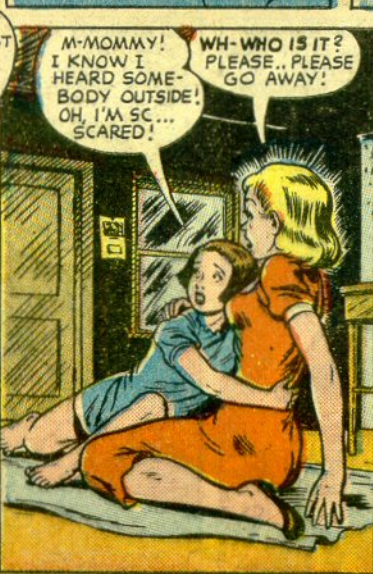
GREAT IDEA!
IF THEY'RE BROKE
I BET THEY'RE
AWFUL HUNGRY!
SOME NOSE
YOU GOT!

SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF
SNIFF



WELL, DA SCENT
LEADS HERE! CAN
DAT POOR CREATURE
BE LIVING IN A DUMP
LIKE THIS? HOW
AWFUL!

HER-WHAT WAS
USED TO DA FINEST
OF EVERYTHING!
SHE WAS VOTED
MISS RHEINSDOL
OF 1938!



M-MOMMY!
I KNOW I
HEARD SOME-
BODY OUTSIDE!
OH, I'M SC...
SCARED!

WH-WHO IS IT?
PLEASE.. PLEASE
GO AWAY!



HI YA, MRS. BOSTON!
I WAS BEGINNIN' TA
THINK YA WOULDN'T
LET US IN!

S-SNIFFER!
AND TROY
PHIL! W-WHAT?



SO LIKE I SAID, ME AN' PHIL DECIDED IT WAS A PERFECT NIGHT FOR A PICNIC IN CHESTER, PA! SO WE GRABBED DIS FOOD AN' CAME RIGHT OUT! WHAT A FANTASTIC COINCIDENT, BUMPIN' INTO YOU!

BUT-A PICNIC AT NIGHT! AND WHY CHESTER, OF ALL PLACES?

TOO BUSY ALL DAY! AWFUL CROWDED IN NEW YORK!



HE'S BEEN PLAYING WITH LITTLE ANNABEL FOR A SOLID HOUR! I HAVEN'T SEEN HER SO HAPPY IN MONTHS! I DIDN'T KNOW HE LIKED CHILDREN SO MUCH!

LOVES 'EM!

WELL, ANNABEL, WE'VE PLAYED HIDE AN' SEEK, POTSY, TAG, RUN' SHEEP-RUN AN' HORSEIE... WHAT DO YOU SAY I KNOCK OFF FER TONIGHT?

WHEEE



THIS WAS SOME SWELL PICNIC, MRS. BOSTON! JUST WHAT I NEEDED TO TUNE UP MY FADED SYSTEM! OH YEAH, DIS DOUGH IS YOURS!

MONEY? OH, NO, I COULDN'T!

IT'S AN OLD DEBT OF BOSTON JOHN'S-I..ER COLLECTED FOR HIM! WE WENT TO 22 RANCI AVE. LOOKIN' FOR YA AN' TOOK PART OF IT TA PAY UP YER BACK RENT-WE GOT YER TRUNK OUTSIDE!



SO LONG! TAKE IT EASY!

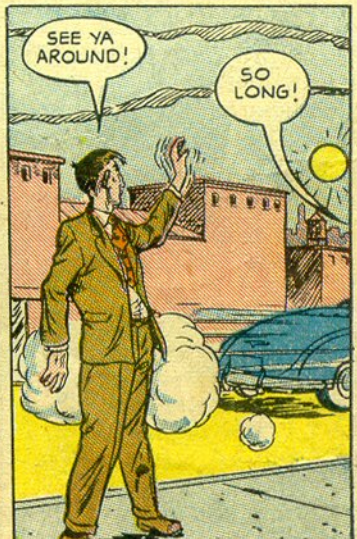
GOOD NIGHT! AND THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING!

OH-?SOB!? THOSE DARLINGS!



WELL, PHIL, HERE WE ARE BACK IN THE CITY-AN' WHAT DO YA KNOW-IT'S MORNIN' ALREADY!

YEAH! JUST DROP ME OFF HERE, SNIFFER! I'LL WALK THE LAST COUPLE OF BLOCKS HOME!



SEE YA AROUND!

SO LONG!



OMIGOSH! IT'S DUTCH LOOIE'S GUNMAN, SCRANTON STAN!

UH-HI, STAN! WHAT'RE YOU DOIN' UP SO EARLY? AND THIS AIN'T YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD! YOU LOOK TIRED!

CERTAINLY-I'M TIRED, YA DOPE! I BEEN UP ALL NIGHT!



WE GOT A TIP SNIFFER WAS GONNA BE IN YOUR JOINT LAST NIGHT, SO LOOIE SENT US DOWN TO WATCH FOR HIM, SEE? WE HAD ORDERS NOT TO MISS! WE BEEN WATCHING YOUR DUMP ALL NIGHT!



SO NOBODY WENT IN DA WHOLE TIME, EXCEPT BENNY ADVERTISEMENT IN HIS SCREWBALL OUTFIT...AN NOBODY COME OUT-EXCEPT YOU AN' BENNY! SOOO... LOOKS LIKE WE HAD A BUM STEER! AAMMRR-HUM! I'M BUSHED!



OH, I SEE! WELL-SO LONG, STAN! ?GULP?

DON'T TAKE NO WOODEN SLUGS, PHIL! SO LONG!

THE END

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

\$2⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED **\$2⁰⁰**

Dear Reader:

In every issue of DAREDEVIL COMICS this page is devoted to your opinions, ideas, and suggestions. Since the conception of DAREDEVIL COMICS, we have been guided by two ideals—first, the eradication of crime, and second, to give credit to the fearless detectives and officers of the law who daily risk their lives that you and we may live in a more lawful society.

CHARLES BIRO and BOB WOOD, Editors

I am a high school senior and I still keep getting one comic book even though I gave up reading all others once I entered high school. This one remaining mag is DAREDEVIL. I always read it because the characters in it are synonymous with people I know. The DAREDEVIL stories are true to life and fine literature as well as tops in enjoyment.

Hoping to read many more of your swell magazines.

Sincerely yours, Marshall Blustein
3851 South Ellis Ave., Chicago 15, Ill.

You can say that again and again when you've read our other four mags—DESPERADO, CRIME DOES NOT PAY, CRIME AND PUNISHMENT and BOY.

I would like to commend you on the excellent script you had in your May No. 48 book. It is too bad that more comics do not follow your example in telling boys and girls the right way to live. Your brother comic, CRIME DOES NOT PAY, is also excellent reading. The fact that you make the performers of and acts of crime so unglamorous should be commended. Best wishes for many years of success.

Very truly yours, E. M. Smith
12 Walnut Court, Springfield 5, Mass.

If there are greater purposes in life than correcting evil, it's preventing it.

I have been up before a court, and ever since I was released, I have been reading and keeping all the copies of DAREDEVIL comics. I now have a very full library of your magnificent comic. One question, please. Why are there more strips than DAREDEVIL in DAREDEVIL comics? My opinion is that nothing but DAREDEVIL stories should be in your comic book.

I wish God's blessing on your work and integrity.

Faithfully, P. A. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Likewise.

I have just read DAREDEVIL comics No. 47. No wonder DAREDEVIL is one of the leading comics in America. The stories in it are really America. The little Wise Guys are just like a regular bunch of kids. I like Pee Wee especially. He's a credit to your magazine, which I think is excellent.

A fan, John Coakley
75 Livingston St., Lowell, Mass.

Why wouldn't it be? It's written by an American for Americans about Americans.

After reading some of your old copies of DAREDEVIL, I know why they are by far the best and that is the reason we have never discarded them and have kept them for future leisure reading. *I never tire of the stories.*

Sincerely, Rose Wong
11 1/2 Branham Place No. 3, San Francisco, Cal.
We hope you never will!

We have organized a club in our classroom at school. This club works for the same purpose that DAREDEVIL does . . . that is, democracy. We all read each issue of DAREDEVIL and all we can say is, "We think DAREDEVIL comics are grand."

Sincerely, Nancy Freed, Chairman
6014 N. Francisco, Chicago 45, Ill.

We think you're grand!

You are to be congratulated on the type of material published in DAREDEVIL comics. I like those comics that do not specialize in the supernatural, monsters, etc., but try to combat crime in America, especially among the younger generation. If more children read DAREDEVIL COMICS, there would be fewer delinquents. I tell all my friends to read DAREDEVIL! It has taught me true sportsmanship.

Truly your fan, Jean Fortson
2207 East 12th St., Austin, Texas

Then it has taught you one of the most important things in the world.

Please try to limit letters to about 50 words. All letters become the property of Lev Gleason Publications, Inc., and we reserve the right to edit same. Address all letters to DAREDEVIL COMICS, 114 East 32nd Street, New York 16, N. Y.

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BECAUSE YOU**

Make Money With Your Own

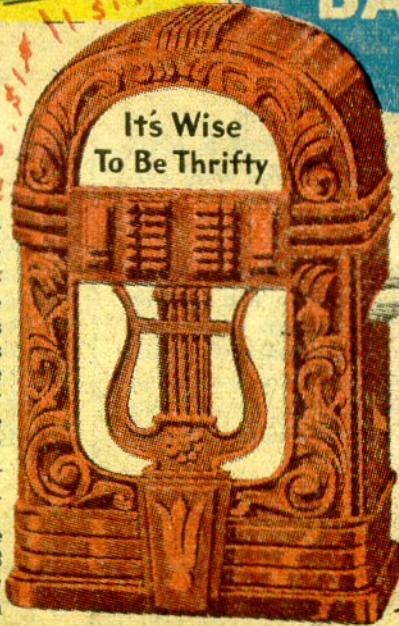
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YOU SAVE, JUST TO SEE HOW IT WORKS!**

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Battery & Bulb

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Slot and Press-in!**

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AS IT FLASHES:**
It's Wise to be Thrifty

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The beautiful painted scene embossed on this Billfold . . .

CAN'T RUB OFF

This smart-looking Gilt Chain is made extra strong to protect your valuables.



Style 520 — Hula Girl

Only \$1.98

This is the first ZIPPER BILLFOLD and SAFETY CHAIN COMBINATION with all these unusual features ever to be offered at the sensational LOW PRICE of only \$1.98.



Billfold has a built-in Pass Case and built-in Plastic Coin Holder! Clever Safety Chain is designed so it can also be used as a handy Key Chain!

You've never in your lifetime seen a Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain combination to compare with this latest Illinois Merchandise creation. You've never before seen such luxurious appearance, and such real honest-to-goodness value at such a LOW PRICE! The beautiful painted designs are embossed with your choice of 4 life-like illustrations in breath-taking colors. These colorful scenes can't rub off—they're stamped right into the wallet itself. Billfold zips open "all-the-way-around" and has a riveted metal eyelet at one end where the Gilt Safety Chain is securely fastened. Inside is a built-in plastic coin holder, a roomy currency compartment, a built-in pass case, also a spacious window pocket for your membership cards. The Gilt Safety Chain is designed especially for this Billfold. It's long and flexible so you can carry Billfold in either the side or back pocket without interference. It's made extra sturdy to safeguard you against theft. A special self-locking device at the top fastens on to your belt or trousers. The spring lock at the bottom fits into eyelet of billfold but can also be disengaged and the chain then worn as a key holder. However, don't wait! Order your Painted Zipper Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain Combination today while this low price offer is in effect. SEND NO MONEY! Just mail the handy order coupon below on our 10 day money back guarantee offer. We feel sure that you'll be so delighted with your Billfold and Chain Combination once you see it and examine its many unusual features, that you'll want to order again for gifts to friends and relatives.

Each of these Billfold Styles comes with Safety Chain as above



Style 532—U. S. Map

Over 2 Million Satisfied Customers



Style 535—Texas Ranger



Style 549—Sporting Scene

SEND NO MONEY! MAIL COUPON WITH YOUR STYLE CHOICE!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART Dept. 510
1227 Loyola Avenue
Chicago 26, Illinois

Gentlemen, Rush me the 4 color Painted Zipper Billfold and Gilt Safety Chain Combination in the picture style choice indicated below. I will pay postman only \$1.98 plus Post Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges on arrival. I must be fully satisfied or I can return billfold and chain within 10 days for refund.

MY BILLFOLD SELECTION IS _____ (Give style number and subject)

If more than one billfold is being ordered state how many here _____

MY NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____